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Shot entirely by Camcorder-wielding British Amateurs -for You to See Absolutely Everything!

British Couples - £19.95

Since it was first released in the autumn of 1992, this has been our number one best selling video.

Why? The reason is simple. It is chock-a-block full of different British couples enjoying their nookie quota.

Few things are free in this debt-ridden Great Britain of the 1990s. One thing is still good though - f**king !

Sex is free. Sex is good. Sex is natural and good sex is a delight to watch- as I'm 100% sure you'll agree.

This sampler video features loads of British couples getting their kicks for Free, by screwing for your viewing entertainment. What type of girls or women do you fancy? It doesn't really matter, because on this video there's something for everyone.

This video has older women, it has sexy teenage girls, it has women in their teens, twenties, thirties, forties, fifties and sixties. It has straight sex, it has kinky sex. It has group scenes, lesbo scenes, school uniforms, nurses uniforms, directoire knickers, knee socks, stockings, super sexy lingerie, vibrators, dildoes, tennis rackets, rude food and fetish acts - a little bit of everything and a lot of hornyness. White girls, black girls, even an indian girl and a chinese lady. This is quite often the first video that people buy from us. Then they complain! They say 'there wasn't enough of Sarah and Robert' or 'Tut, haven't you got any more of Betty, Brian and Doug?' Well... yes of course we have - we've more of everything.

So, if your idea of good viewing is a roller-coaster ride through many of our British couples then you need this desire.Don't just dream about watching a load of British sex addicts doing it. Watch them in confidential close-up action. Draw the curtains, put the video tape into the machine, press the play button and then ... Who says Fantasyland doesn't truly exist. These are genuine 'normal' British couples, the types you see at the local shopping mall or in the queue at the cinema or playing with their kids in the park on a Sunday morning. Only in this video, you see them as nature intended: enjoying each other. It is the most eye opening hour of sex you might ever see. It has it all and it's 100% British and 100% full of amateur sex participants (teenagers to grannies).

Older Women Volume 1- £19.95

This is the first of our Older Women video series. If you get this one and enjoy it (which you will, I promise) then your luck is in. There are three more volumes available for you to feast your eyes upon. Volume 1 is considered a collector's item by many of our clients. It is simply amazing. It is stunningly erotic.

If you like older women, that is.

This video features only women aged 48 years and over. There are ladies in their forties, ladies in their fifties and even ladies in their sixties. They come in all shapes and sizes, some are fat, some are thin. Some have enormous ripe bosoms, others are skinny and as flat as a witch's tit.

From all around Britain (literally, Erica aged 55 sent her tape in from the Orkney Isles), we bring you the horniest grannies in Britain. All strip for you, all display their old fashioned underwear (some men find directoires very sexy, you know). There are support corsets, girdles and cross-your-heart bras and old fashioned stockings.

This video shows older woman after older woman. Each one does her 'turn', to turn you on. It's an older woman sex-fans paradise, a Nirvana filled with mature sexy women all of whom want one thing and one thing only - to turn you on. They each have different methods to achieve this. Some stare provocatively straight at the camera, knowing their sexuality. Others are demure, shyly looking away. Others just want to mother you, still others merely want to turn you on. They want to know that you're going to pull your trousers down because of the effect they have on you.

Enough talk. Now the action. Get this video and enjoy. I've decided that if you like older women, words cannot describe the thrills you're headed for, so I won't go on any longer.

Young British Lesbians- £19.95

We weren't even sure if teenage lesbians existed, but they do. Wow, do they ever!!! One of the girls told me that Queen Victoria did not believe in lesbians. She couldn't comprehend what two girls could do to each other; that's why homosexuality is illegal to under 21s, but not lesbianism.

Well... after the shock of this video, if Queen Victoria was still around, we could certainly fill her in on what lesbianism is all about.

The girls on this video are all aged 18 or nineteen. They are either 100% lesbian or they swing both ways. They are the horniest bunch of teenage girls around. I've watched this video about fifty times in the last few weeks (yes, it is that good).

The idea of young girls indulging in full sex acts with other British young 18 or 19 year olds is a real turn on and seeing it in exact detail is a real kick.

The thing about the girls on this video is how normal they are. I've always had the idea that lesbians are shaven-headed boyish girls who wear Doctor Marten boots and act like men. Not these girls - these are normal everyday teenage girls, except that they get their sexual pleasures by performing with other girls. Sex is very important to teenage lesbians. Mary, who is 18 shows us just how much pleasure she can give her partner (19 year old Joanne) just by using her mouth. We watch in fascinated, baited-breath ecstasy as Joanne is giving a complete going over. Joanne practically purrs with contented bliss as her lover brings her to the threshold of pure delight again and again. Indeed, Joanne, is in a state of practical orgasmic heights for at least twelve minutes.

There're many lesbian (or bi-sexual) teenagers are on this video, all are British. They come from all around the country. Grantham, Cardiff, Fort William etc. These girls don't look like lesbians, but they are, as you'll see in graphic detail. Fresh faced & fruity. I don't know about you but that really does turn me on. Get this video and watch it in ultimate close-up as these teenage lesbians perform with each other. It has to be seen to be believed.

The following Adult shops have agreed to stock these videos.They will only be sent to you on production of this advertisement.You are welcome Mon. - Sat. 9.30 - 6.30 (Fri. until 8pm)

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Darlington 91 Victoria Road **Derby** 61 Osmaston Road
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- ○ **Older Women, Volume 1 - £19.95**
- ○ **Young British Lesbians - £19.95**
- ○ **Any 2 for just £35.95**
- ○ **All 4 for only £69.95**

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Please make cheques payable to M.O. Division, with your name and address written on the reverse of cheque.

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Postcode ______________

I understand the nature of these Videos and will keep them away from minors.

I am over 18 ______________ Signed

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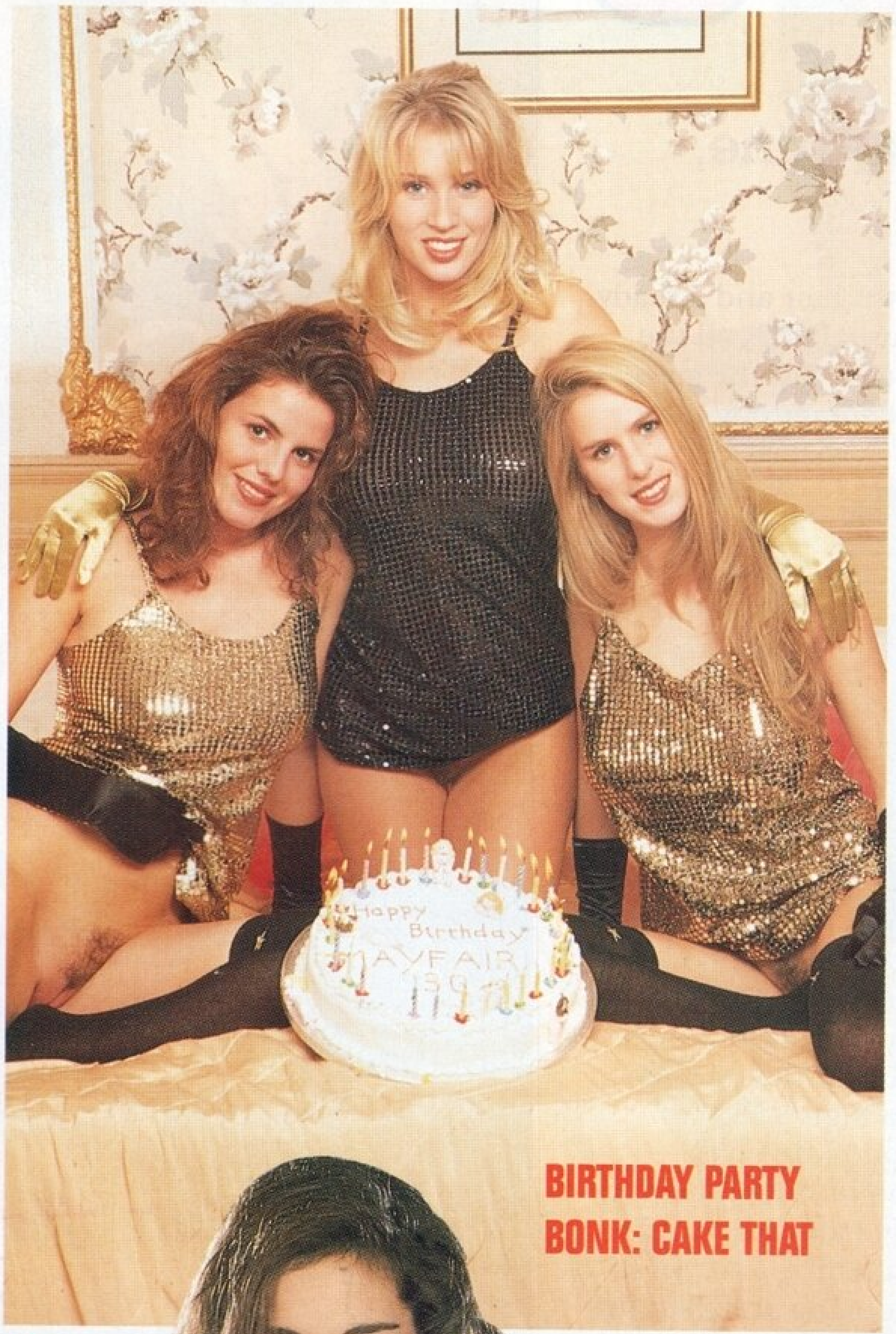

BIRTHDAY PARTY BONK: CAKE THAT

BELINDA: SUN LIKE IT HOT

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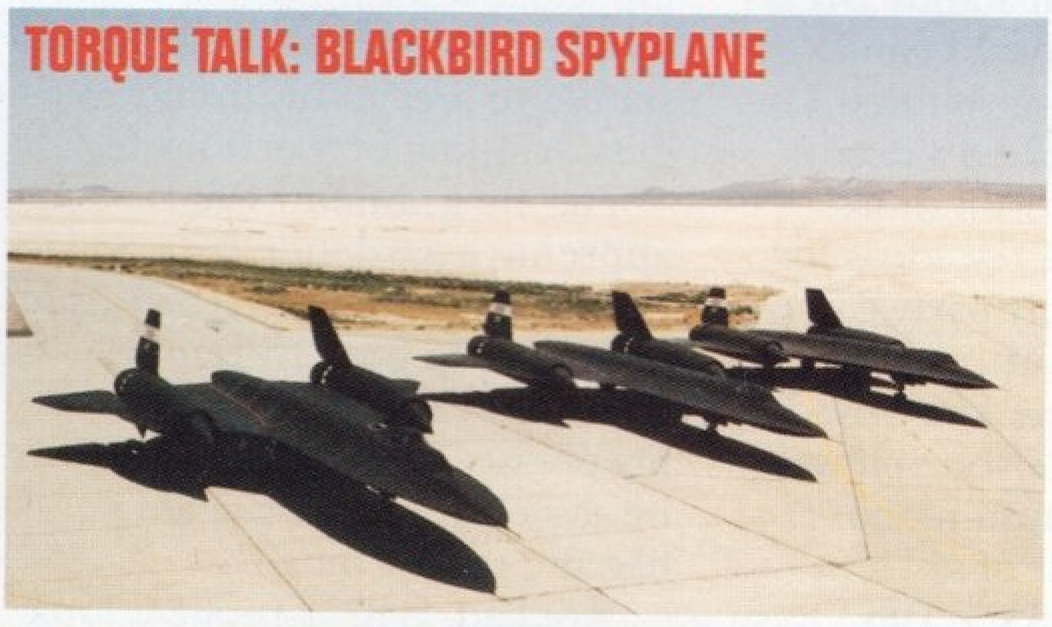

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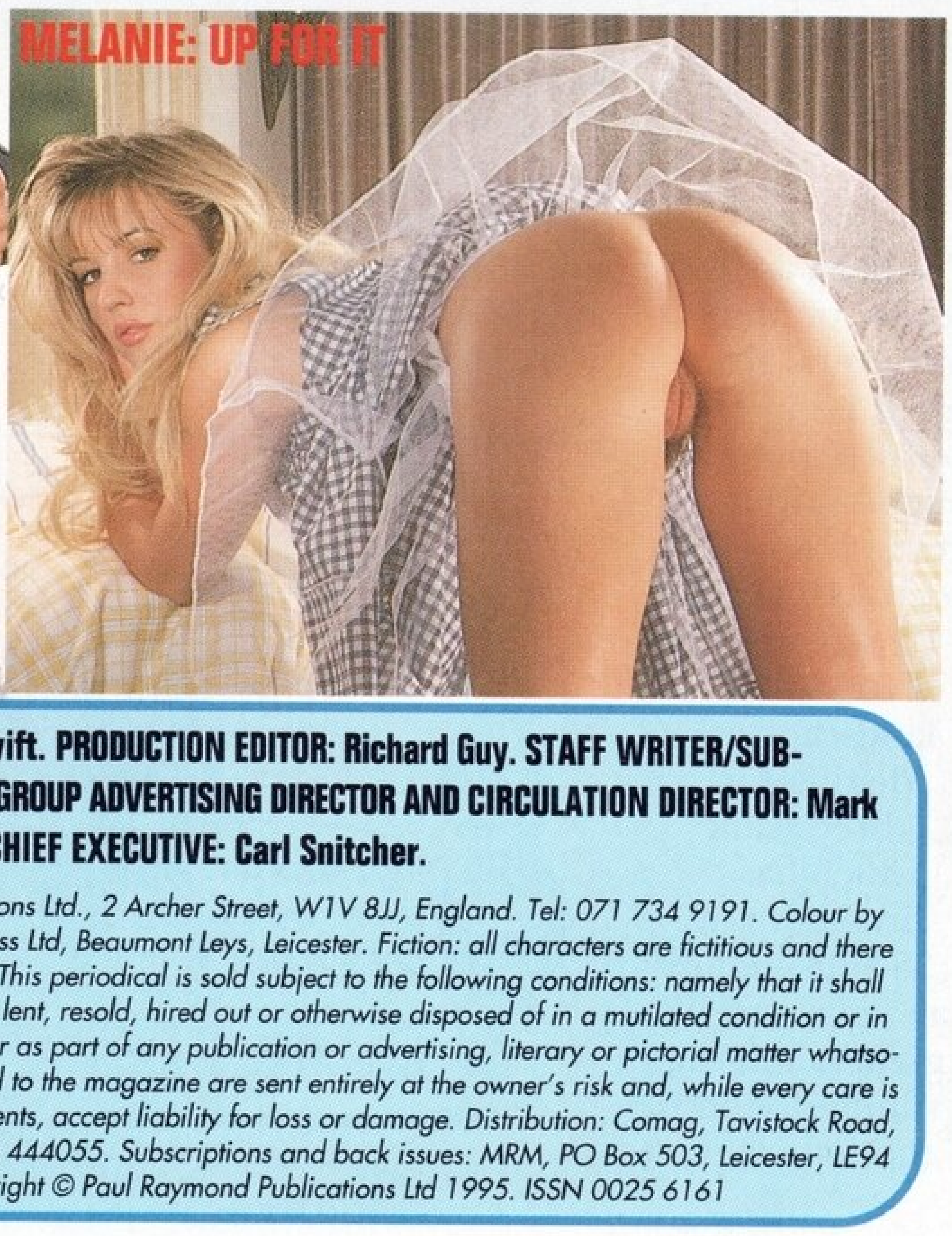

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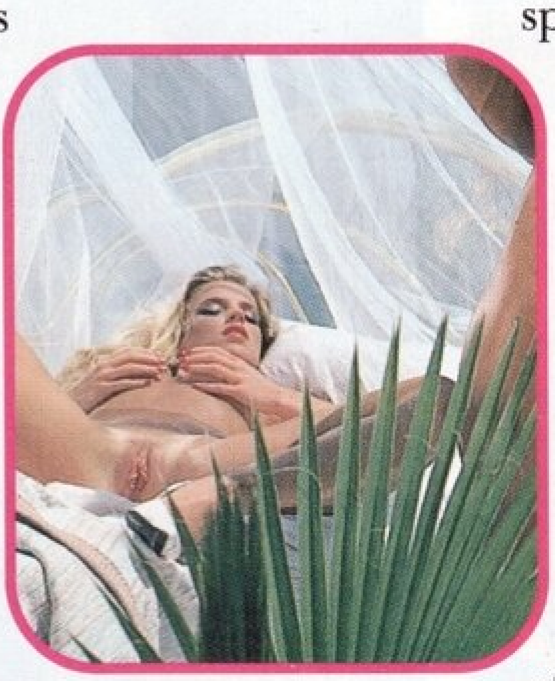
Letters

Send your naughty stories, sexy experiences and rude writes to Letters, Mayfair Magazine, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 8JJ

SOCK IT TO ME, TANYA!

Many congratulations on the finest *Mayfair* yet with a feast of stunning babes. No disrespect to the other sexy girls but when I turned the pages the pics of Tanya (Vol 29 No 13) hit me in the face, closely followed by my excited cock. My stiffy rose so quickly I feared a black eye would result.

Seldom have I seen such a little tease like Tanya. Her curvy buns beg to be fondled and her trim pussy rates high on the strokability scale, but the high point has to be her naughty taste in socks. The tiniest glimpse of an ankle sock gets my unruly cock bursting free of my trousers. If the ankle socks, which frame smooth, slim legs so well, are white and accompanied by high heels then I have to calm my cock as soon as possible.



What makes Tanya so special is the way she wears girlie ankle socks, yet looks such a tease and talks so dirty. I'd like to bet that her idea of fun involves not only tongue wrestling, but wrestling of a naughtier kind (one featuring my riotous cock). In fact, Tanya looks insatiable. As a fan of ankle socks, I find that while they might seem innocent enough, their wearers are wanton wenches who adore a good hard fucking.

Please Tanya, could I attend one of your Randy Dress Parties? I can assure you that I would be a randy guest with more than a few ideas for naughty party games. In return, could you treat me to a private view of yourself wearing nothing but a pair of ankle socks? – Des, Potters Bar

GARDEN GAMES

I've been an avid reader of *Mayfair* for several years, and if I don't tell you all about my naughty adventures with a horny apprentice gardener I'll scream!

I've worked in landscape gardening for three years which has firmed up my 38-35-34 figure and gives me a great tan in the summer. Add to this long legs, chestnut-brown hair and a ready smile, and I usually get all the attention I need. But the garden fun was really something rather special.

It was back in September when I was sent out to do some low maintenance gardening on a local manor house. It was hot work tending the border, so I peeled off my t-shirt which left me wearing a rather revealing pair of cut-off dungarees. Since the garden was surrounded by a high hedge I thought no-one would see.

I heard a polite cough behind me and turned around to see a sexy hunk clutching a trowel in one hand. Looking at his straining jeans, it wasn't the only large tool he kept about his person. I started to feel an insistent wetness dripping between my legs.

"Hi," he grinned, "I'm Dave the apprentice gardener. Nice to see how the other half lives, eh?" He was trying to peek through the sides of my dungarees to eye up my breasts. I was half-afraid that he'd see my nipples sticking out like the thorns on a rose.

"Not bad, is it?" I replied, looking him up and down, and taking in a tanned smooth chest and wondering what other muscles he kept handy.

We got down to work although I'd rather he had gone down on me right in the middle of the lawn. We didn't seem to get

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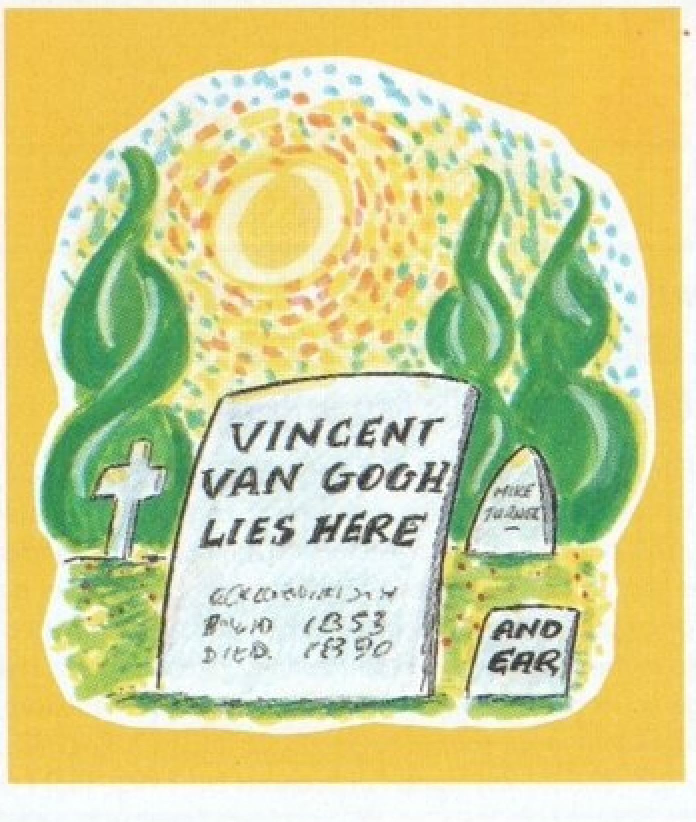


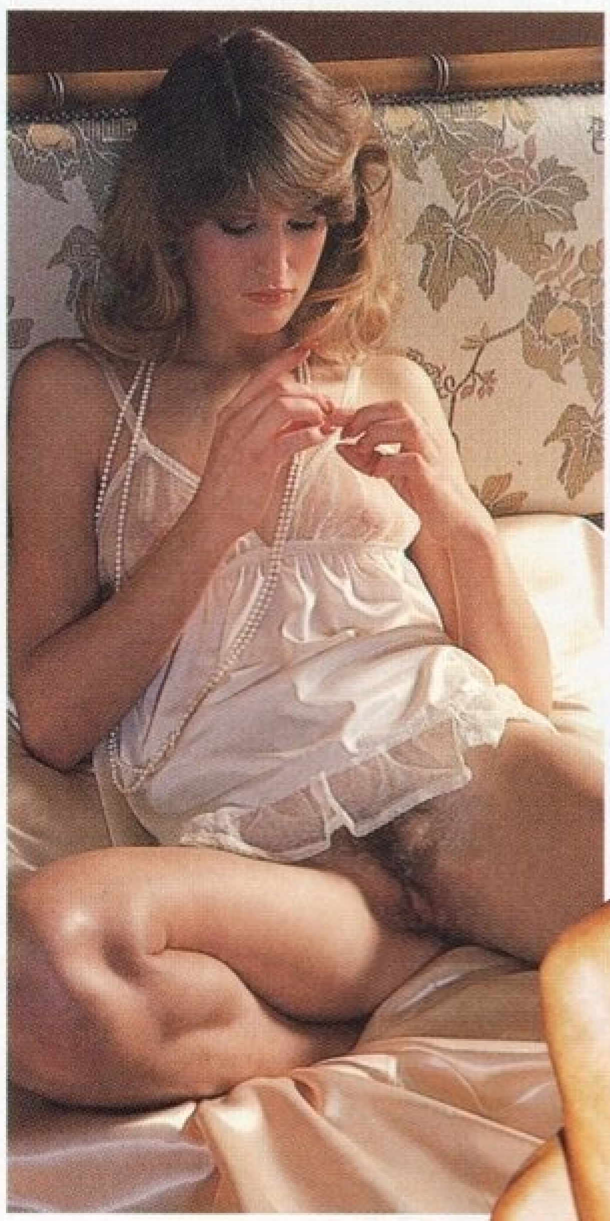
CARLA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACK HARRISON

Carla, our bare beauty in the teddy bear shirt, has something to confess. "I know it's silly but I've always had a thing about bears. The bigger and more furry they are, the more I like it." Carla's searched everywhere for someone to go down on in the woods today who she can be sure of giving her a big surprise. "I'm dying for a good shagging," sighs the would-be teddy girl. "I go to bed with an eight incher, but he's not hard enough for me. Oh, and Teddy's paw is a bit threadbare with all that rubbing on my clit. I need a big bare man not a little fuury bear."

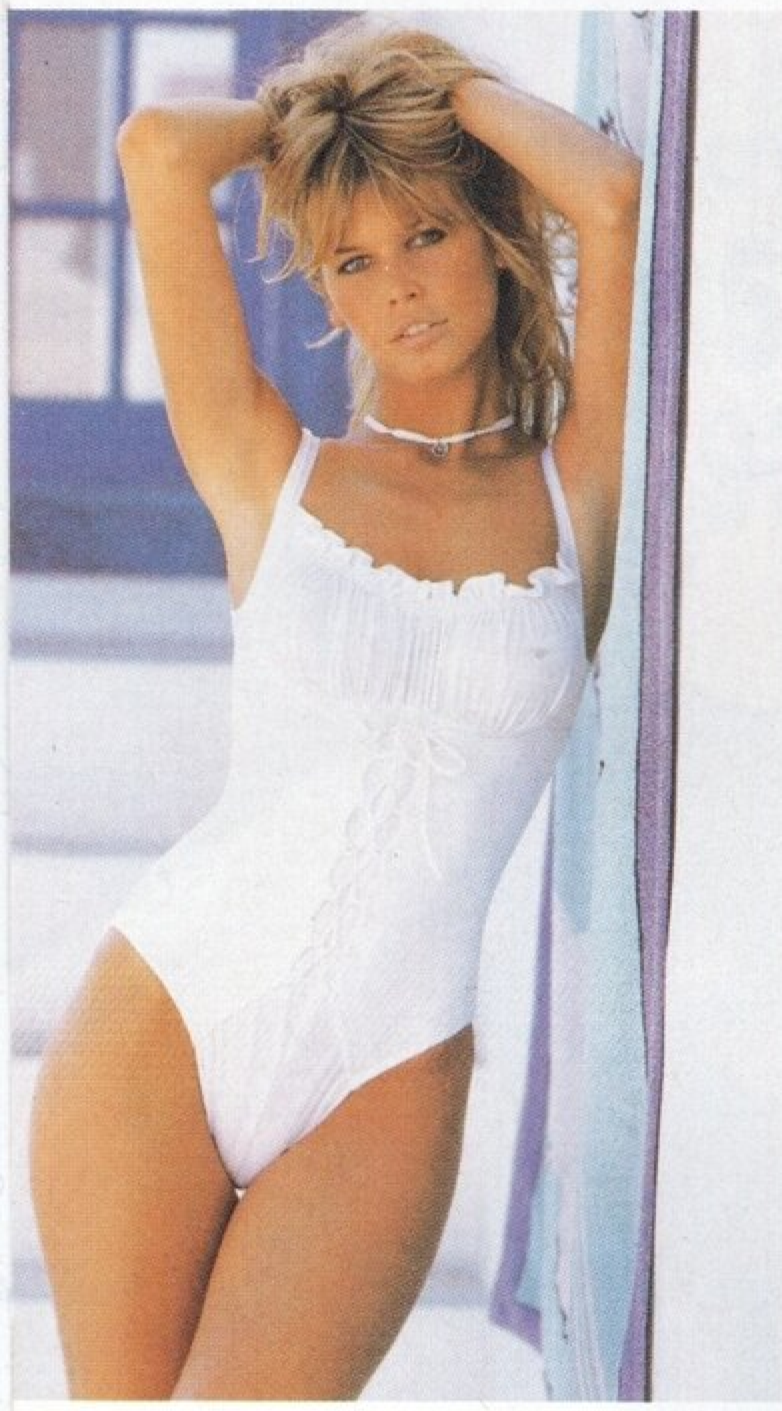
here is the nudes

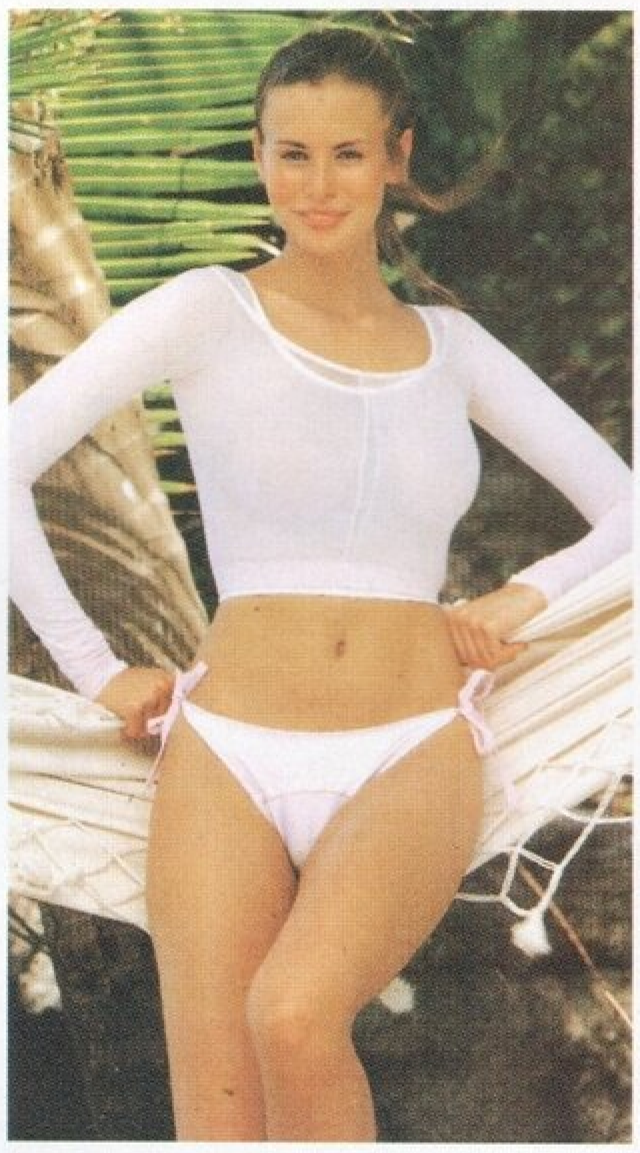
Our monthly round-up of the glitz, tits and sexy bits that are making the headlines...



FLASHIN' THE PANTS

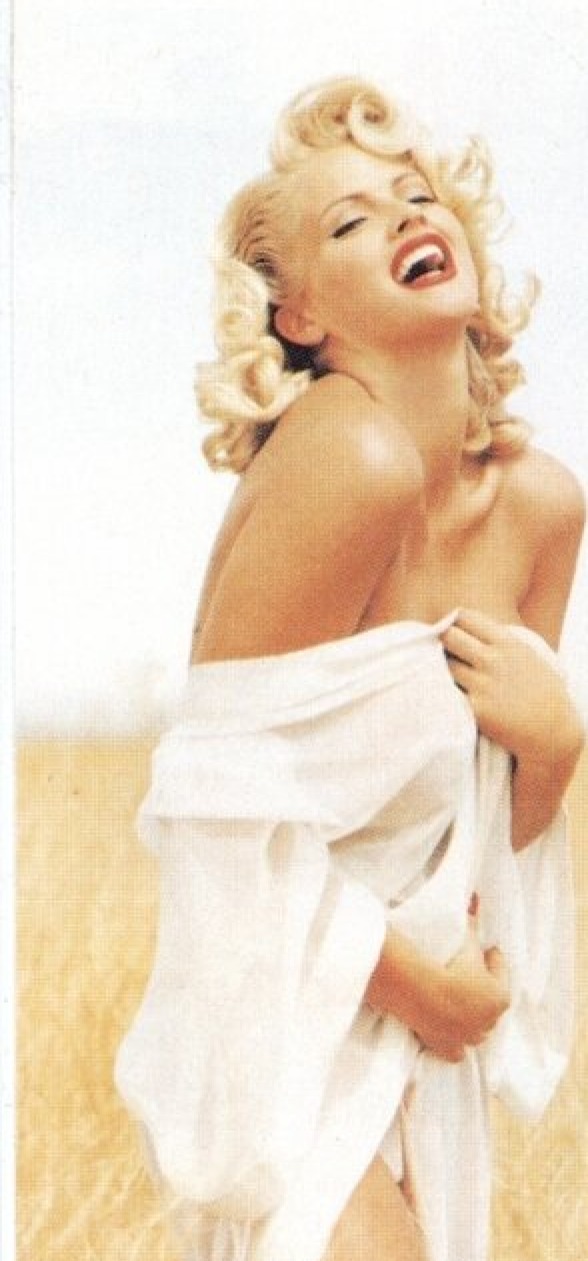
Pervy Paula Hamilton's all set to make a flashy comeback, so she's flashing her knickers to celebrate. We caught up with her posing away in PVC at a recent charidee bash. The VW glamour girl seen throwing away her fur coat in the ad once shed a lot more in *Mayfair*.





TIME OF THE MONTH

Every January it's the same. Auntie Mabel always gets you a Little Pussy calendar. And we're not talking pin-up pictures of snatches either. So this year treat yourself to a babelicious supermodel calendar. We particularly recommend the Claudia Schiffer, Niki Taylor and Anna Nicole Smith poster extravaganzas, as these girls reveal just what puts the super into supermodel.

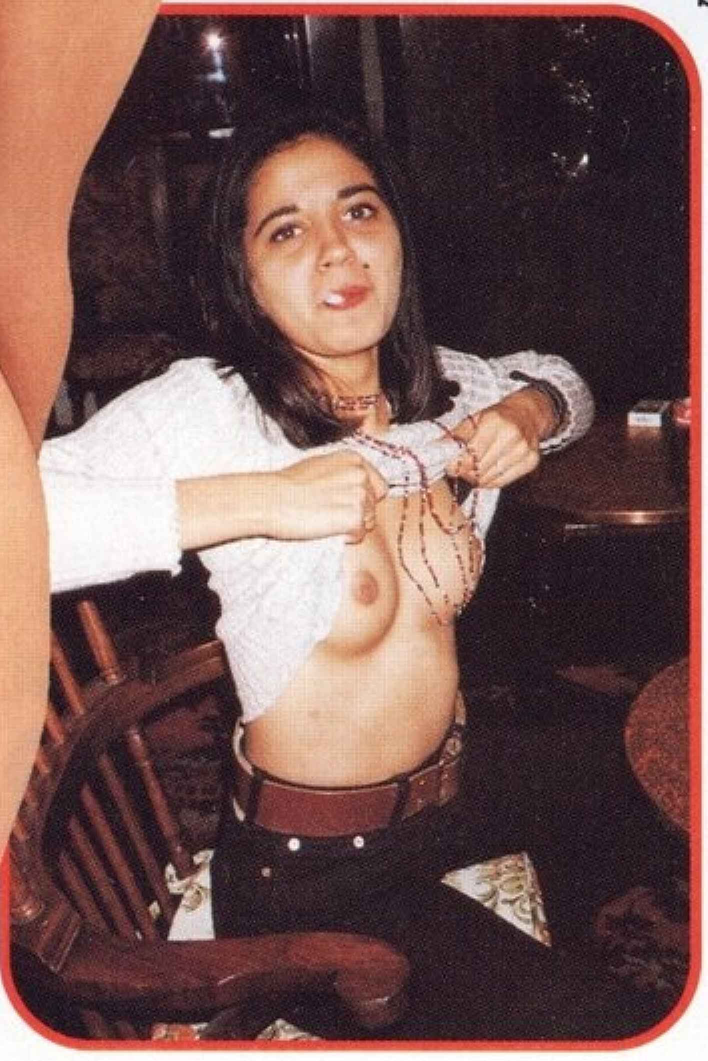


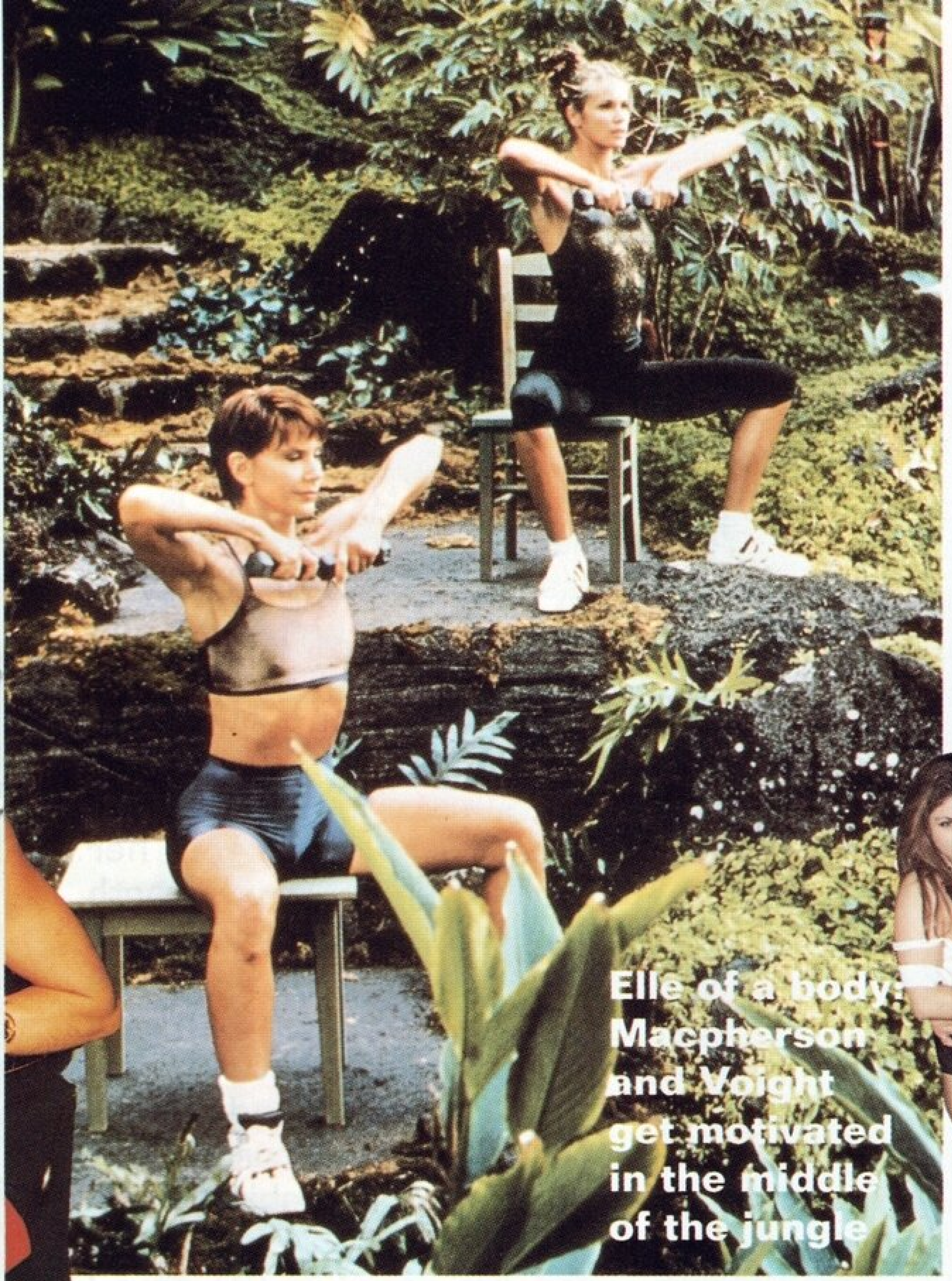
Calendar girls: make a date with Anna (*left*), Claudia (*top left*) and Niki

Satinder: currying favour

UNHIDDEN ASSETS

Doing what proper supermodels do for another good cause (apart from cheering our photographer up) is thrusting city slicker Satinder. The high finance superbabe and *Mayfair* model who proved her claim of owning " body hotter than a vindaloo", reveals her assets and shows a fin head for fig- ures. The Editor thinks she's top of the FT 100 and we predict further growth in th future.





Elle of a body: Macpherson and Voight get motivated in the middle of the jungle

FUCKING ELLE!

If you want 45 minutes worth of heaving breasts, heavy panting and babes contorting themselves into various amazing positions, you'll fall over with excitement at the Elle Macpherson fitness vid. *The Body Workout* (Pickwick £10.99) aims to sculpt all your bits, while you watch swell supermodel Elle and her horny pal, fitness trainer Karen Voight firming their bits. And we know exactly which muscle we'll be working on first...

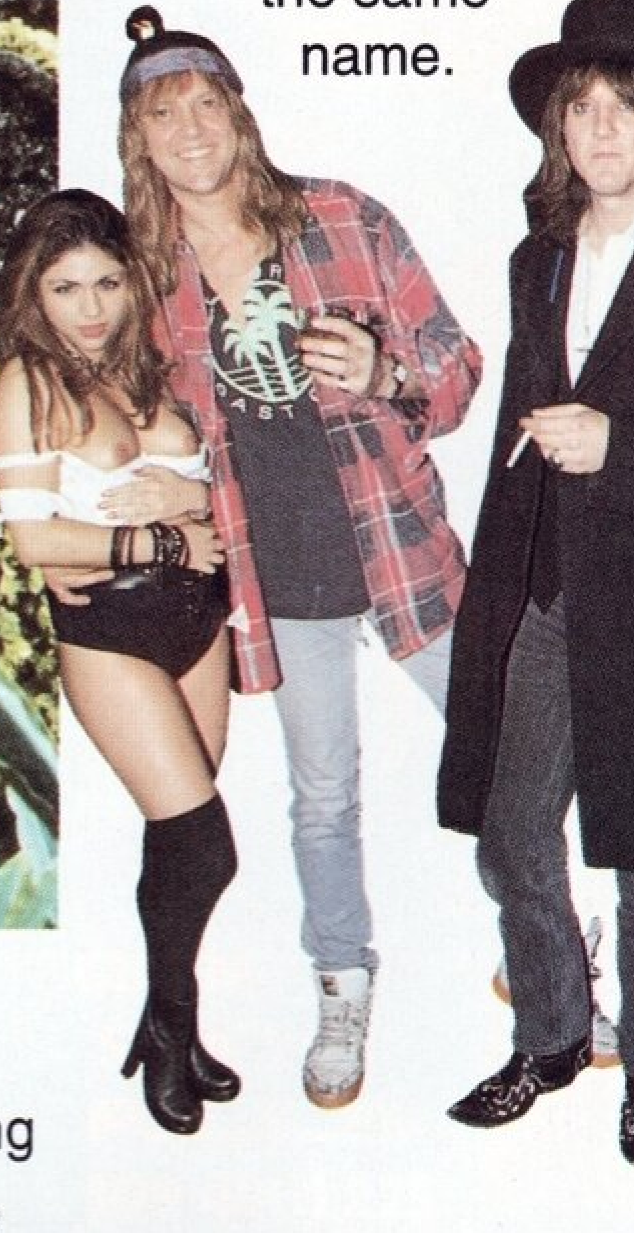
ON YER BIKE

Sadly PC killjoys seem to have got their hands on topless females at motor shows and covered them up. Huh. Still, there's always a few tempting cleavages on display. Keen babe-watchers will recognise *Mayfair* stunner Evie getting low-down and dirty on a *Shogun* at the International Motor Bike Show. She seems to spend quite a lot of her time with something big and throbbing between her legs these days.

Twin carbs: Evie is one helluva fast mover on her Shogun

ROCK OUT

Rock chicks have a great tradition of whipping their tops off at every photo opportunity. This lot are no different, getting out their backstage passes to give us a *Metal Christmas* at the launch party for the CD of the same name.



TRUE BLUE JEANS

It's amazing what some girls will do to get their hands on a decent pair of jeans. *Mayfair* megababe Michelle Tooley is busy sitting up and begging some lucky bloke to whip his kecks off in the latest Radio Jeans ad. By the look on her face it's not just his jeans she wants to get her hands on, either.

RADIO JEANS

CAT-SY KENSIT

Sex kitten Patsy Kensit, famous for flogging Bird's Eye peas, and wrapping her hands round Mel Gibson's Lethal Weapon, has her fangs out for the gangsters in killer thriller *Full Eclipse*. This time she's trying to cop off with chief of police, Mario Van Peebles. Injected with a superhuman serum that turns her into a sex-crazed animal, she fights tooth and claw to wipe out the villains and get her man all in one bite. See her snarl, watch her roar, and slaver over her horny little bottom! Ⓜ

Buttons fl
Michelle
mode
new
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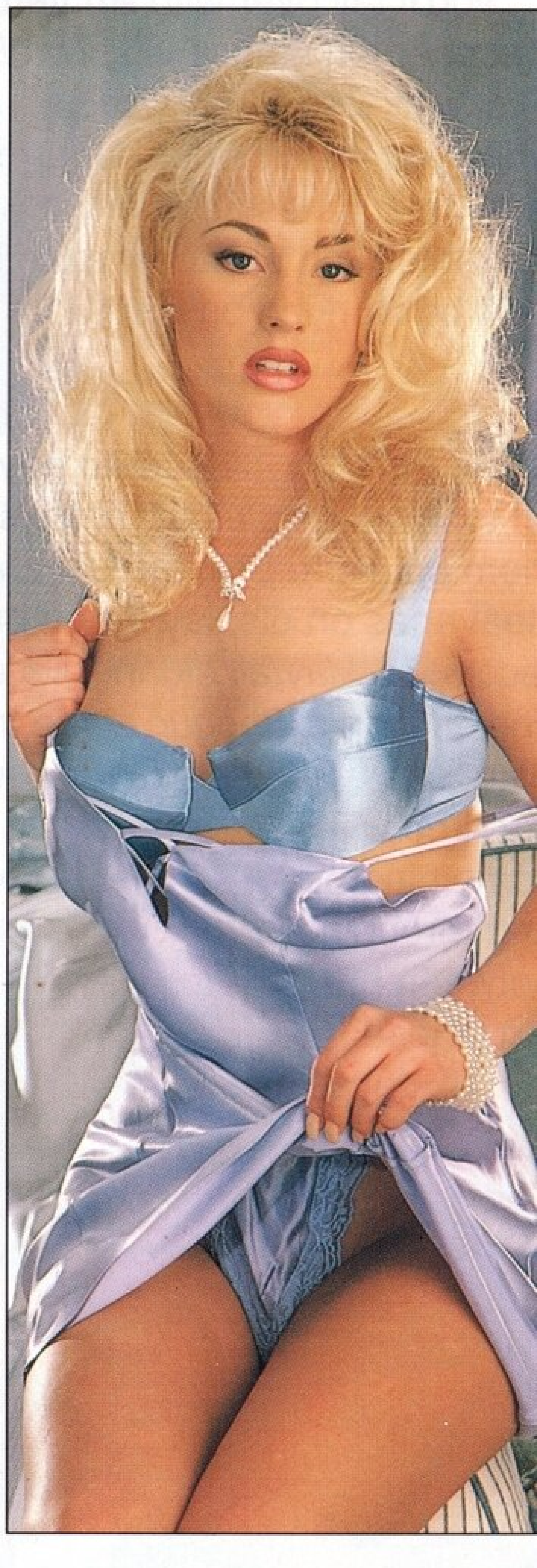
BECKY

Becky, our bouncy new 19
year-old, is bottom crazy.
she sees a hot bot, sh
can't help surprising th
lucky man with a quick for
dle. "I'm quite dreadful
exclaims the hairdresse
from Barnsley, sliding he
hands over her own smoot
pair of cheeks. "Pert bun
squeezed into tight jean
really get me going. I get
wild throbbing between m
legs, and my hands star
itching. The only cure I know
is to sneak up behind them
take a cheek in each hand
and get groping. The men
grab don't seem to mind
After all, they're always we
come to squeeze my littl
botty in return..." Ⓜ

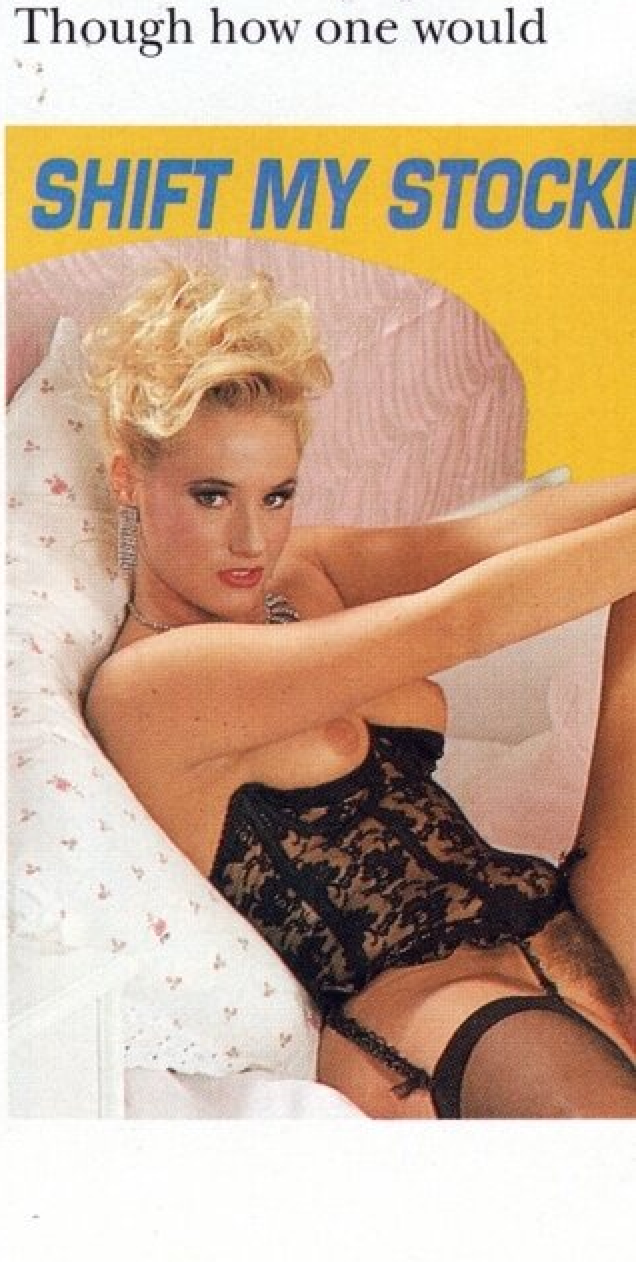


PHOTOGRAPHS BY SUZE RANDALL

The seemingly sane middle-aged lady held up a small glass bottle full of liquid in which a small pink pyramid was floating. She wa a devout Elvis fan, and this was her greatest and most expensive piece of memorabilia. His wart. Once removed, some fabulously fa seeing medico has saved the King's carbuncle, and after changing hands fo several thousan dollars, this lady now had he very own bit of Elvis.

If this sounds like the behaviour of a lunatic fringe of fanatics, you'd be wrong. These days for many thousands of people fantasy is no quite enough. In the back pages of some music papers and magazines you will find adverts offering bottles fille with the very air breathed by your favourite pop star. Though how one would

BARGAIN BRAS



BODY SHOPPING

From used panties and high heels to toe nail clippings and old shoes, **Bill Shipton** discovers there's no end to the body products available by mail.

prove authenticity is another question altogether. For the true aficionado, photos are for wimps, you have to own a bit of your fantasy object. And when it comes to sexual fantasies, you don't have to even take the Tube to Camden to share a woman's most intimate fluids. A trip to the post box will secure everything your part desires.

Selling smelling undies is a growing industry. Dozens of horny housewives are putting panties in the post for profit.

"It's the ideal home business," Sharon in Sunderland told us. "You buy a cheap batch of panties at the start of the week, wear them for a while, making sure you work them well into your crack and rub your fanny through them, then post them out, still warm, in a Jiffy bag. They only cost 25p to post!"

But competition is strong. Sharon charges £15 for her "worn panties" from a P.O. Box, but shopping around the classified ads in magazines reveals that "Mandy's smelly knickers" cost only £12 in blank postal orders (errr... a bit of a tax fiddle there, I think). The "two sensual ladies wearing saucy knickers just for you" charge just £10 for their crusty gussets (and accept cheques though fail to mention who to make them payable to), while Caroline Silver of Coventry really aims for the hard sell in her ad headed "Panty Aroma".

"Sexy nympho nurse offers the chance for all you horny guys to sniff my wet skimpy panties AFTER I've ridden my show jumper, and with my long blonde hair and 40 inch bust, my photo and red hot tape is a must..."

An SAE will secure a reply, but not, we assume, to the question of how a nurse can afford to go show jumping.

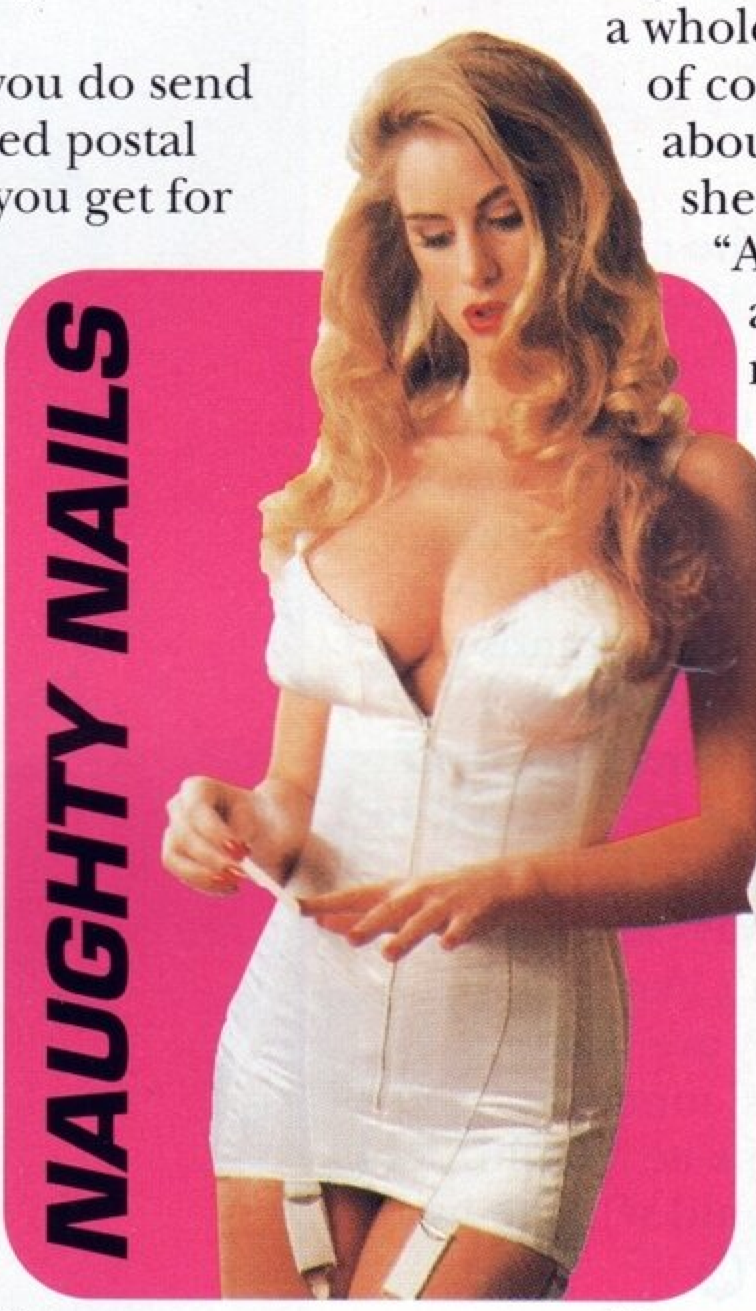
But assuming you do send off your unmarked postal orders, what do you get for your money? Is the "aroma" what it claims to be?

"I was having to frig myself twenty times a day to keep up with demand," claimed Sharon, so in the end I had to rely on a more efficient means of producing what was wanted."

Sharon started by experimenting with smearing her satins with egg white which gave the stiffness required, but tended to smell rather worse than intended on arrival (she still has nightmares of punters putting them on the radiator and having them turn into meringue). She now settles for wallpaper paste with a fingerful of anchovy for that "authentic fanny smell".

"It's great! You get a whole gallon of come for about a quid," she giggled. "And the anchovy makes it smell and taste just like a night of cunnilingus!"

But if you want the biggest range of bodily products, you have to contact one of those mail order mistresses who dominate submissive slaves by post from the privacy of their own homes. Madame ▶



WET, WORN KNICKERS

Veronica of The Corrective Institute in Exeter will not only sell you her genuinely used panties but practically her entire wardrobe.

"Well worn stockings are popular, as well as bras and panties," she told us. "One man insisted on a pair of used socks. I wore them for days inside a pair of my smelliest trainers, but he still complained they were too clean!

"I've sold all my old high heels now. They went for £20 a pair, and the more scuffed and smelly they were the more popular. That was great for me 'cos I'm always buying shoes and growing tired of them after a few weeks. Now I don't worry because I know somebody will buy them off me."

Some of her products, though, don't bear thinking about.

"I did a roaring trade in Madame's used hankies once when I had a cold, and there's one man who buys my painted toe nail clippings every time I cut them. I make him carry them everywhere with him in a film cannister. What he does with them I'm not sure. I think he nibbles them when he's feeling a bit peckish, like scarlet pork scratchings!"

But even Veronica doesn't go as far as one Mistress who prefers to remain anonymous in case the post office discover what's inside the bubble bags that leave her small country home.

"One slave even pays me £200 a month for a bottle of wee a week," she told us. "Even I thought twice about that! My pubes are popular too at £10 a snip – though I had to use my boyfriend's once when I ran out. Fortunately nobody noticed! They often send me their pubic hairs by return post. I reckon I've got enough of them to stuff a cushion now!"

Some women it seems will sell much more than their souls for money, but we know one man who has joined them, albeit unwittingly. A mud wrestling fanatic and amateur potter, he decided it would be fun to make ceremonial bowls, plaques and plates out of the clay that had recently been vacated by the female protagonists, so he asked the promoters if he could take some of the mud home.

"I put it on the wheel and moulded several different items and waited for them to dry," he told us. "But when they did I found they contained numerous strands of hair and springy pubes. I thought they would burn off in the kiln, but they didn't, so I made them a feature. People always ask what they are. I don't like to tell them they are mud wrestlers' minge!"

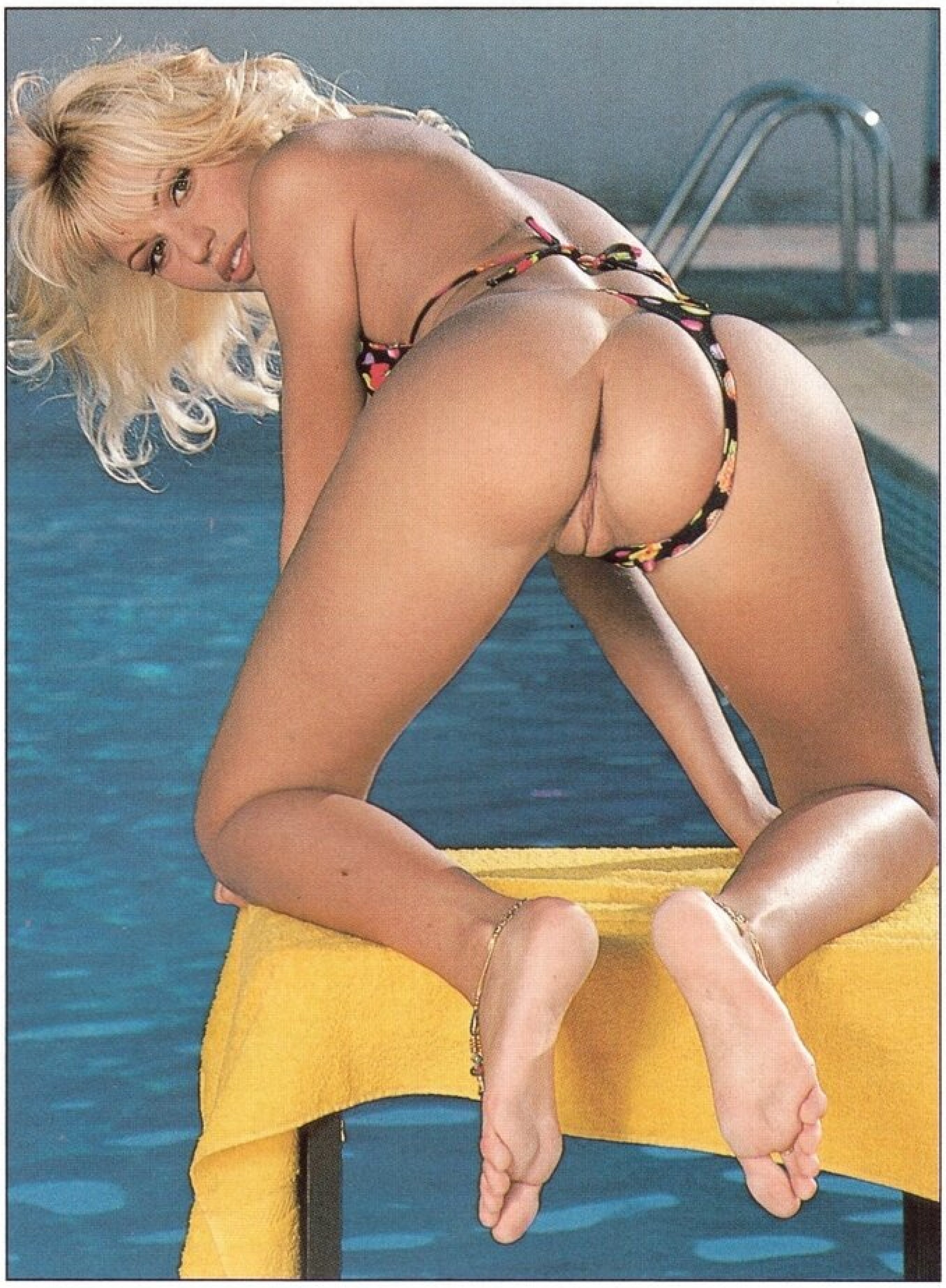
Perhaps he should. They would sell like hot kecks!

"My pubes are popular at only £10 a snip..."

SHAGGED SHOES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VIV THOMAS

Twenty one-year-old megababe Anita's showing off as much of her tan as possible while she can. "It's hard work as a holiday rep," sighs the curvy stunner. "And I mean that literally. It's my duty to make sure every man leaves the resort satisfied with the service here." She turns over to expose succulent breasts to the mid-day sun. "I'm quite insatiable and love a good ball game on the beach or a grapple on a lilo, even a spot of topless tennis, but I never seem to find enough time to perfect my tan. Mind you, I've had a few offers to tan my hide, and although I like a firm hand, I'd rather have a firm cock."



GOLDEN BALLS

The 70s was the era of Donny Osmond, the three day week, Sodastreams and Man About The House, but it wasn't all good. John Vincent, our man with the kipper tie, the K-Tel dust-o-matic and the dog-eared copy of Skinhead Girls, takes a look at the football o that bygone age and wonders what all the fuss is about...

What's the difference between a real character and an ill-mannered yob who sets a bad example to everyone? About twenty years, that's what. Or so it seems from perusing certain elements of the soccer press. Seasoned hacks, who think nothing of trotting out a nudge-nudge-wink-wink tale or three about George Best, bust a truss in moral indignation at the thought that Ryan Giggs might be indulging in off the field activities that owe more to the Kama Sutra than the FA's training manual. Veteran observers, who are quite happy to chuckle merrily about the spine-crunching misdemeanours of Chopper Harris, come over all outraged at the nut-crushing antics of Vinny Jones. When it comes to bad behaviour, both on and off the field, it seems that the past gives it a rosy glow. Currently we are being led to believe that the last Golden Era of English football was the 70s. If ever there was any proof that all that glistens is not gold, this is it.

Life's a pitch: Best orders blondes, booze and ball possession

Don't believe me? Well consider this: writing in 1974, a contributor to *Foul* (pioneer of modern footie fanzines) observed of the players, "They have spent most of the past decade being trained to run forever, and not to develop individual ball skills." Could almost have been written yesterday, couldn't it? Well, of course it could.

Sportswriters comparing present players unfavourably with those of previous generations is as old as the quills. The novelist L.P. Hartley wrote, "The past is a foreign country, they do things differently there." What he forgot to add was, "And a bloody sight better too!"

Just as there comes a point in everyone's life when the pop music of the d begins to sound like a bloody racket and you can't make out the words, there also comes a time when we start moaning that spo just isn't what it used t be. Like pop, football eventually turns us int our parents.

Nostalgia is the key. When the fanzine movement began in earnest in the mid-80s, the DIY pages were full of colourful memories of the players the writers had hero-worshipped in their youths Everyone was celebrated, even Middlesbrough's burly butter-mountain centre forward Alan Foggon. A memorable Geordie ve sion of the *Deck Of Cards* recalled, "When see the six, I think of t number of pints Alan Foggon drinks before match. And when I see the seven, I think of th number of pints Alan Foggon drinks after a match." Then there wa Duncan McKenzie, the man who described Kevin Keegan as "The Julie Andrews of foot-

Bowles movement: Stan at his volleying best

ball” and then astounded us all by jumping over a Mini on *Record Breakers*.

The tone of these pieces, like when covering Jim “Six foot two/Eyes of blue/Big Jim Holton’s after you” Holton, was affectionate, yet tinged with irony and 70s references. Aztec Bars, *Lift Off With Ayshea* and Rayleigh Choppers featured strongly. An article about a ham-fisted Scottish ‘keeper ended with the news that since he had retired, he had been arrested for shoplifting. The perfume he was attempting to nick slipped through his hands. Another piece, about Spurs’ bumblebee shaped midfielder Ralph Coates, devoted as much time to his hairstyle as the man himself must have spent scrapping the remaining locks over his bald patch. In short these articles captured that way fans talk about players, with admiration but not afraid to take the piss.

Somewhere along the way, between the style magazines, Fleet Street and our TV screens, this latter quality has gone missing. The boom for 70s soccer, which the fanzines created, became something of a Frankenstein’s monster. So let’s try and stick a stake through its heart, shoot it with a silver bullet, or do whatever it is you’re supposed to do to monsters.

Mayfair first rolled off the presses in 1964. Two years later England won the World Cup, though not even the editorial team could claim credit for that. Four years later England took what was arguably the finest ever side to the World Cup Finals. And lost in the quarter finals, largely as a result of a bottle of beer which poisoned Gordon Ranks, and a tactical mistake from Sir Alf Ramsey. Others may blame the morale sapping effects of Bobby Moore’s version of *Sugar Sugar* on the England squad’s World Cup LP. Three years later they failed even to make it to the finals for the first time ever. Despite this apparent decline in the national game, the early 70s are an easy period for the football fan to get dewy-eyed over. The money men had not yet moved in. Teams still played in plain kits unadorned by the kaleidoscopic vomit patterns so beloved of later shirt manufacturers, or with the name of the local photocopy shop slapped across their chests. Ticket prices were proportionally lower too, there were no executive boxes or corporate hospitality. True, toilet facilities were minimal, and by half-time most of the terracing resembled a waterfall of the type never likely to feature in a Timotei commercial, but what the hell. It was the past and it was all good earthy fun.

> "Best was great on the field – if you could get him there..."

There were good players too, of course, just as there are in any era. Anyone who saw George Best play will know that tales of his brilliance are not exaggerated. He was a superb instinctive player with an incredible range of skills. The one thing that distinguishes Best from the many “New George Bests”, like pixie-eared Giggsy, who have appeared on the scene since, was his passion for the game. Best wanted possession more than any player I have ever seen. To see him chasing after an opposition midfielder and attempting to wrestle the ball off him, was like watching a starving chocoholic in pursuit of a giant Malteaser. Sadly, by the 70s his career was in decline. Lurching along like a drunk with a dead leg, it had more false starts than a second-hand Lada on a frosty morning. When he was on the pitch he was still fantastic. It was getting him on the pitch that was the problem. The tales of the Belfast boy’s failures to turn up for matches, because he’d discovered a prior▶

Rodney Marsh: soccer’ answer to Worzel Gummidg engagement with a blonde or a bottle are now the stuff of legend. Hilarious, I'm sure. I doubt the fans on the terraces who'd shelled out hard-earned money in the hope of seeing him play were busy chortling at the time.

Linked with Best is Rodney Marsh. With his ruddy complexion and haystack hair, Marsh now resembles an actor auditioning for a part in *Worzel Gummidge*. To many he is still the epitome of the 70s footballer; an entertainer, a maverick, a character. Marsh was certainly a gifted player and he could pull off some amazing tricks. But so can David Copperfield and you wouldn't want him in your side. Besides, the measure of a player is not just his ability but the amount of it he is willing to contribute to his team's cause. At Man City Marsh never fitted in, while his spell with Fulham saw them fight to avoid relegation to the Third Division.

"Like pop, soccer turns us into our parents..."

Stan Bowles was a team-mate of Marsh's at QPR. When Marsh seemed permanently tanned, Bowles had the deathly pallor of a man whose flesh only saw the sun during brief flits between the bookies, bar and the billiard hall. He was a good forward too, deft and skilful with a volleying ability that would match Mark Hughes'. But was he really better than Alan Shearer or more exciting than Ian Wright?

The great players of the 70s. Everybody has a favourite, whether it's Charlie George, the youth with the long hair and the urgent need for Biactol, who laid on the ground after securing the FA Cup half of Arsenal's double; or Frank Worthington with the deft touches and dress sense of a Romford nightclub owner; or Roger Davies, or Peter Osgood. All these great players and England still failed to qualify for the World Cup Finals in 1974 and 1978. And none of the above, except Charlie George, ever played in a championship winning side. Peculiar but not really inexplicable.

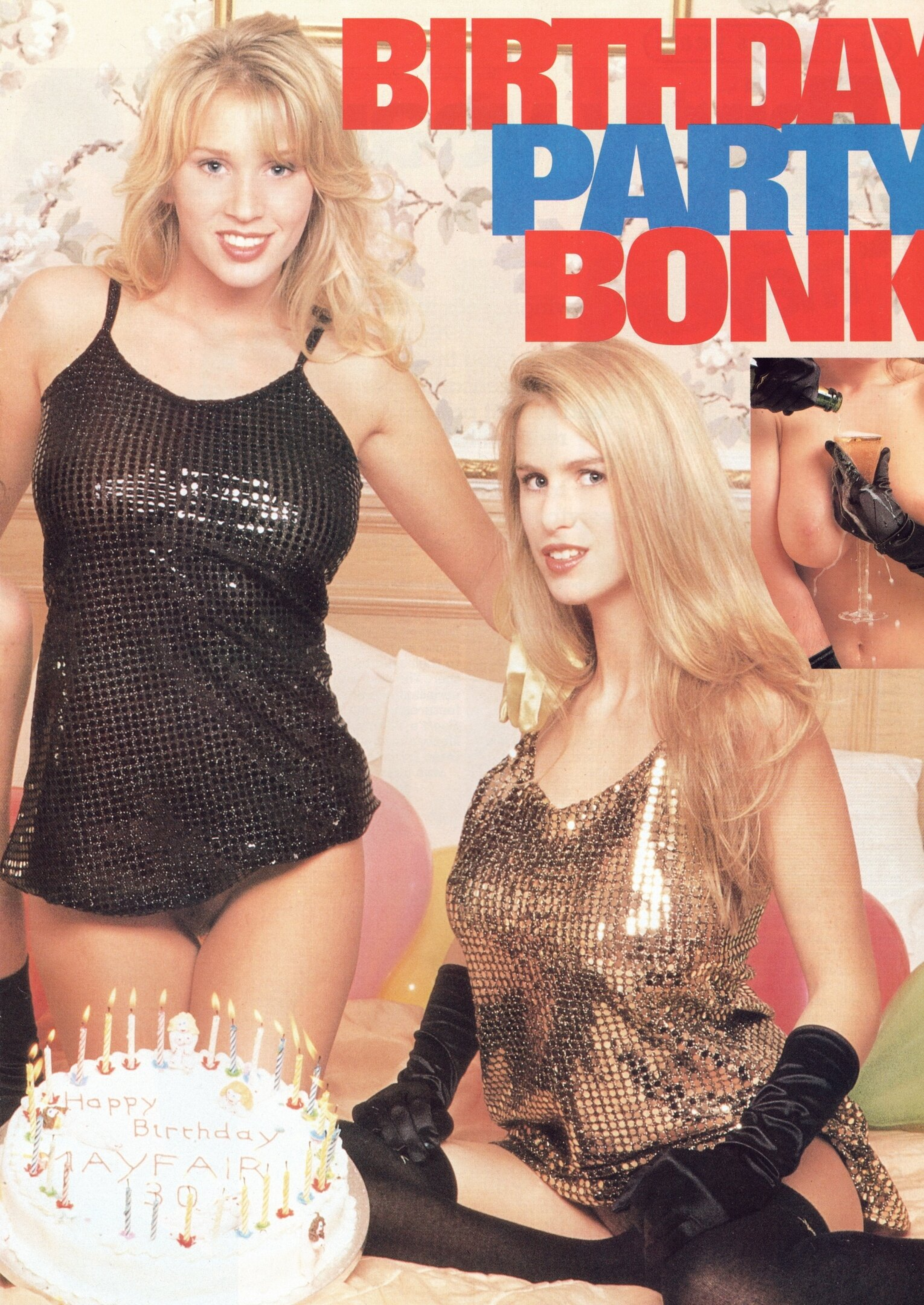
The Vaseline lens obscures the fact that the 70s was mostly dominated by two teams. Don Revie's Leeds and Bill Shankly's Liverpool. Both fine teams but hardly nurseries of flair. Like now, the football scene then was a mixture of the mundane and the spectacular. Even with the managers. For every Brian Clough encouraging attacking football, there was a dour counterpart like Gordon Lee. Everton Fans claimed he slept in a coffin, and he seemed to confirm this, saying, "Just because you're dead doesn't mean you have to lay down and be buried."

It is because this downside is so easily and conveniently forgotten that 70s football is so over-rated. I said as much to a mate of mine in the pub the other day. He agreed, took another slurp from his pint, and said, "Yeah, but the 80s, now there was an era. You had Bryan Robson, Gary Lineker and Trevor Francis..."

And I think that's just where we came in. Ⓜ

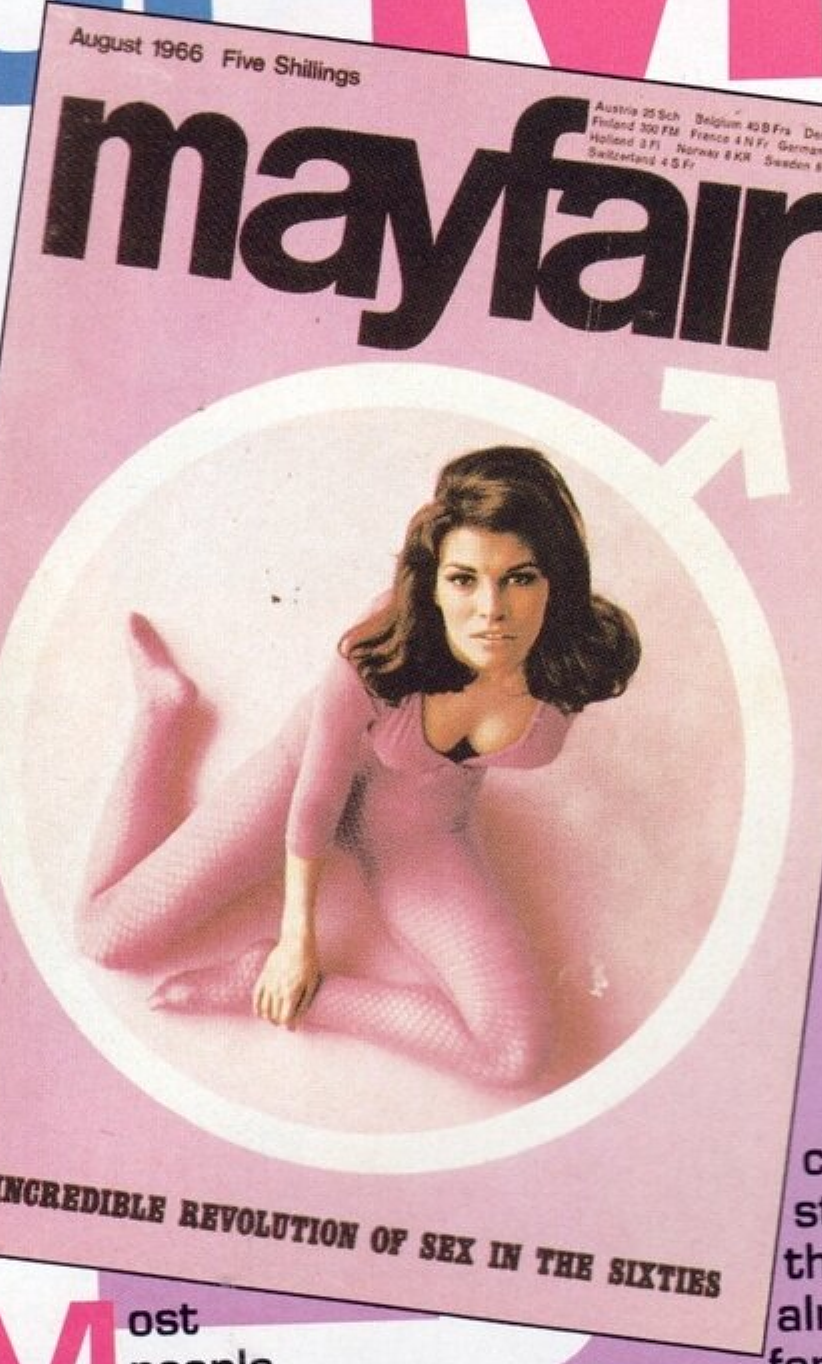
What better way to celebrate thirty years of Mayfair than slipping into bed with three beautiful babes with massive boobs! Helen, Rachel and Rachel were more than willing to blow out the candles on our creamy cake then set to work creaming each other! Altogether now, "Happy birthday to you..."

BIRTHDAY PARTY BONK


Happy
Birthday
MAYFAIR
30

30 glorious years

Thirty years of Mayfair


August 1966 Five Shillings
mayfair
THE INCREDIBLE REVOLUTION OF SEX IN THE SIXTIES

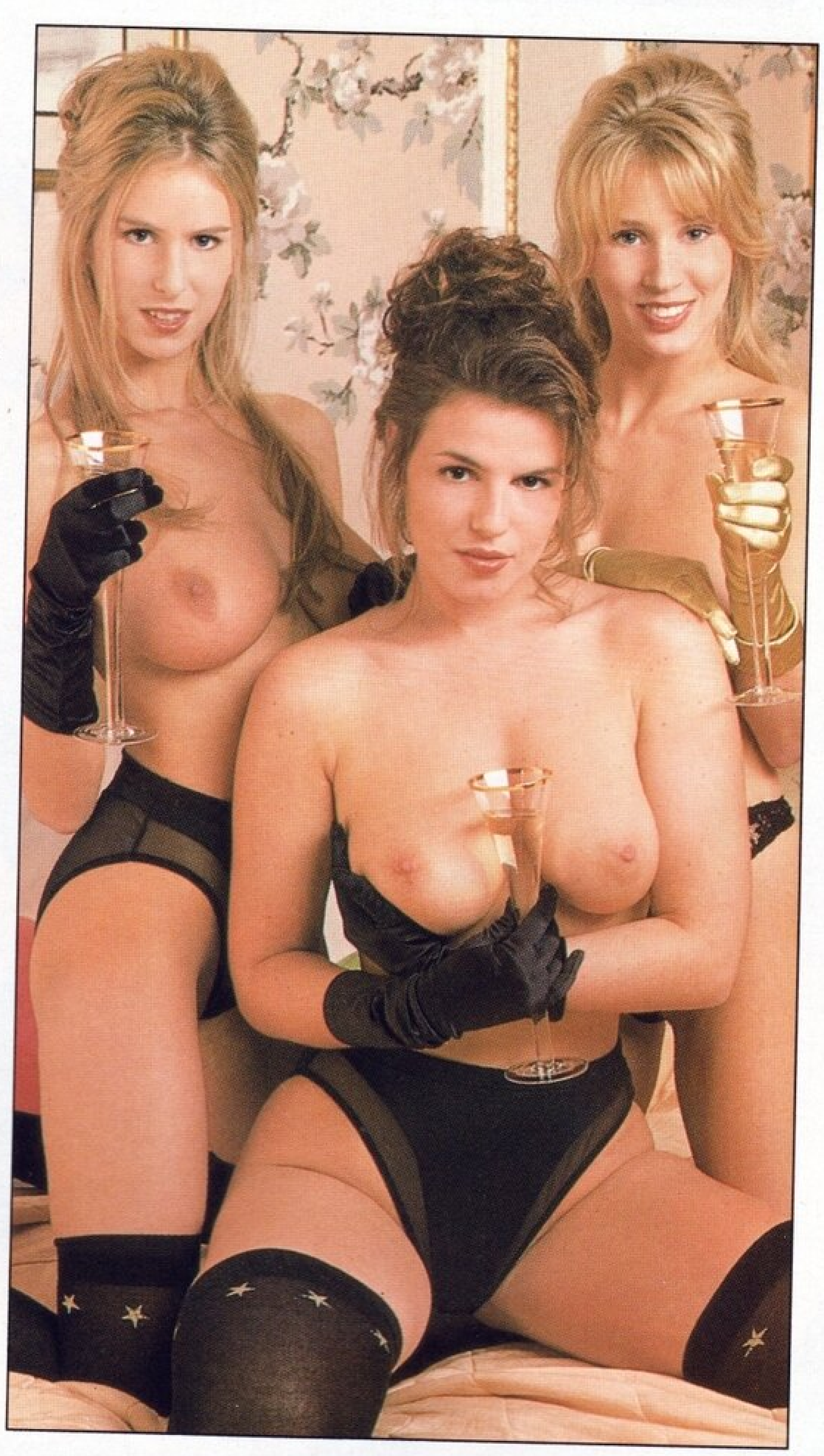
From the swinging 60s to the new man 90s, *Mayfair* has brought you the best girls, most sensational features and sexiest photos. As *Mayfair* reaches its 30th year, Clive Harris looks back at the magazine that gave you everything from Bardot bare to bullet-shaped cufflinks...

Most people approach their 30th birthday with a certain degree of dread. They think that it's time to be settling down, to give up chasing beautiful women and the latest fashions. But not *Mayfair*. This month sees the magazine reach Volume 30, its 30th year of production, but is it slowing down? Not a bit. The magazine that has seen the swinging 60s, permissive 70s, aggressive 80s and new man 90s is bolder, brighter and more babe-filled than ever. It's still the magazine that the world's most beautiful women want to be seen in. Thirty we may be, but the pipe and slippers will be kept in the cupboard for a long time yet.

The publication that became Britain's best loved men's magazine began at the height of the swinging 60s, with a meeting on the set of the film *Deadfall* starring Michael Caine. Director Bryan Forbes was a partner in an ailing magazine called *King*, along with Ted Simon (who later wrote *Jupiter's Travels*) and an ambitious young man called Brian Fisk. Fisk attempted a takeover bid of *King*, but Forbes decided to pay him off instead. His cheque for £1,000 started the magazine that was to feature almost every famous female from Brigitte Bardot to Maria Whittaker.

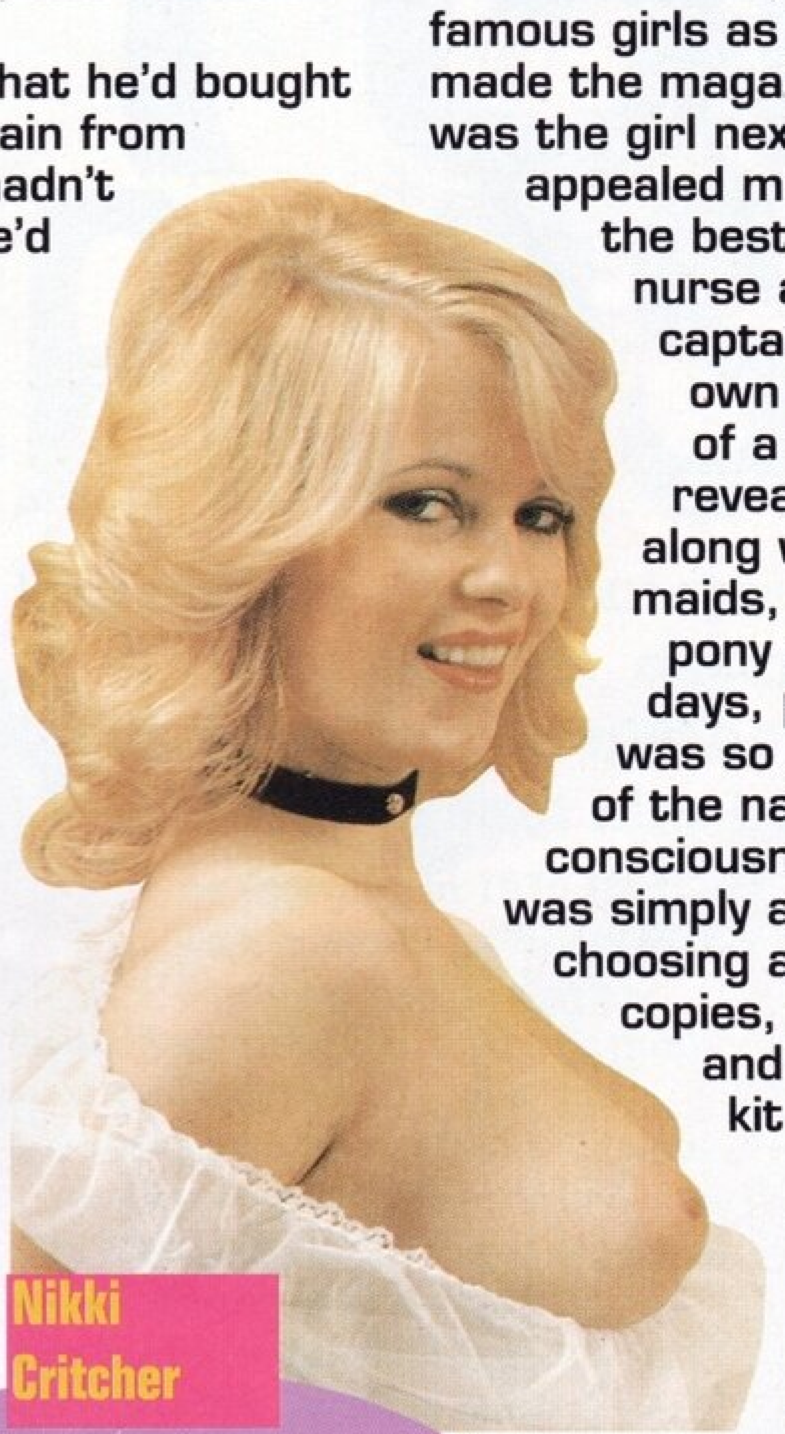
From a tiny office in Cliffords Inn, Fisk started work on his new upmarket publication. Named after the highest rating square on the *Monopoly* board, it was to represent the best in everything, and while that ideology has not changed, practically everything else has. The original *Mayfair* offered just three photo sets of girls stripping to their panties but no further. The rest was filled with serialisations of novels, car features written by *Motor Sport*'s William Boddy, and lifestyle pieces by PR man Brian O'Hanlon. Frankly it was unexciting to read, and even less so to look at.

Brigitte Bardot



Four issues in, Ken Bound, the man who ran *Mayfair* for the next 22 years, took over the editorship, and realised what was wrong

“Somebody had said that he'd bought a copy to read on the train from London to Bristol, and hadn't finished it by the time he'd arrived,” he told me. “I knew then that what it needed was more pictures and fewer long articles. A magazine should take two hours to read.”



Nikki Critcher

It was then that the *Mayfair* many remember from their teens took shape. The features on classic motoring marques, lovingly photographed by Andrew Morland began. Then came *Boy's Own* style descriptions of murders, wartime incidents and disasters with dramatic contemporary pictures. Thanks to the help of a new boy called Graham Masterton (now a well known novelist) some investigative pieces were published, written by the legendary William Burroughs.

Masterton will probably be best remembered for introducing another legend to *Mayfair*. He invented *Quest*. The interviews with girls about their sexual liaisons began back in the 60s. Since then, *Quest* has been copied by almost every sex-related publication. *Mayfair* was taking shape even though the staff still consisted of the owner, the editor and one secretary.

But what turned *Mayfair* into the British magazine for the permissive 70s was, of course, the girls. By the early 70s, shadowy pubic hair was being published for the first time, and *Mayfair* offered the most famous fuzz in the world. For a little over £200 the magazine secured rights to nude pictures of sex kitten Brigitte Bardot. The stunning blonde set the trend for excellence that meant *Mayfair* led the field.

Victoria Principal

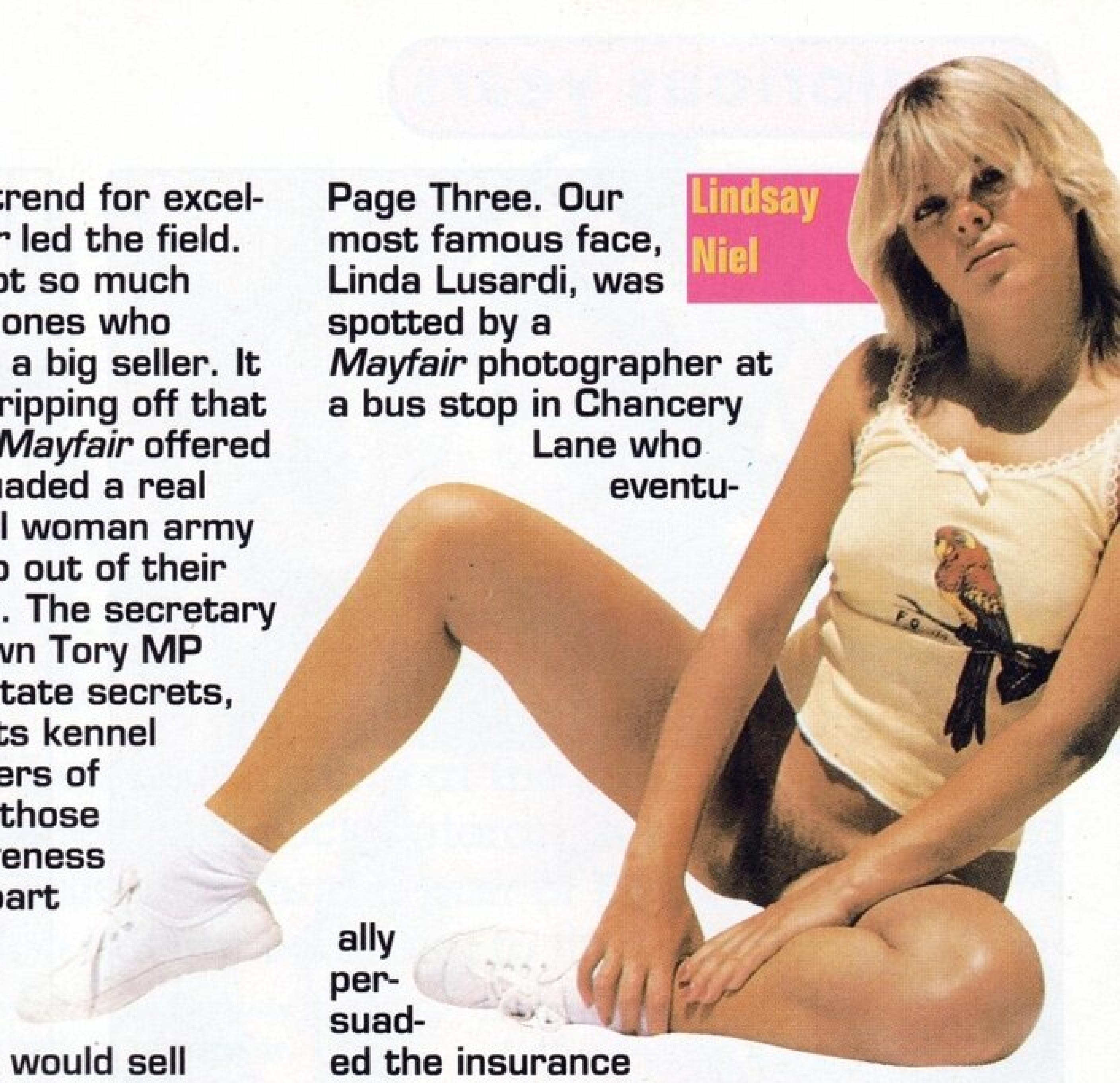
Bardot aside, it was not so much famous girls as ordinary ones who made the magazine such a big seller. It was the girl next door stripping off that appealed most, and *Mayfair* offered the best. It persuaded a real nurse and a real woman army captain to strip out of their own uniforms. The secretary of a well known Tory MP revealed her state secrets, along with Crufts kennel maids, and owners of pony clubs. In those days, permissiveness was so much a part of the nation's consciousness, it was simply a case of choosing a girl that would sell copies, picking up the phone, and asking her to whip her kit off. And they did!

Unfortunately, due to a car accident, Brian Fisk never lived to see the magazine's rise to prominence. He was killed when his Mercedes careered out of control and flipped over. It may have been a suitably dramatic way for the owner of a men's magazine to die, but the concern was that *Mayfair* did not die with him. Ken Bound took over determined to keep the much-loved style and famous features intact.

During the 70s, *Mayfair* was, and still is, the icon of the upmarket male. It offered all the things he wanted: beautiful girls, fabulous cars, informative features, sexual documentary, and first class humour. It reviewed clubs (more the gentleman's variety than the rave kind), restaurants, wine and films. It provided pre-video entertainment in the form of 8mm silent cine films of air stewardesses stripping on Southern Region, and black bombshell Sylvia Bayo in a clear polythene bikini. There was a calendar, an executive diary, two jigsaws, even jewellery (the famous bullet shaped cufflinks) guaranteed to impress any dolly he might pick up in his Austin *Healey*. Even the ads proved that Mayfair was the bastion of establishment acceptability. Pilots smoked Rothmans, men in leather chairs drank Bells, wore Bri-Nylon polo necks. If the *Playboy* type smoked a pipe and wore slacks, *Mayfair* man was James Bond.

But unlike Bond, by the 80s attitudes towards men's magazines were beginning to change. When I joined the magazine in 1981, it was 16th in the table of all magazines, but girls next door were more reluctant to pose for it. Fortunately, a new breed of woman was emerging, the professional model. The 80s was the age of the Page Three girl.

Mayfair had always had a very happy relationship with Page Three. Our most famous face, Linda Lusardi, was spotted by a *Mayfair* photographer at a bus stop in Chancery Lane who eventually persuaded the insurance clerk to strip off. She did and the Page Three Girl of All Time and television star certainly has a lot to thank us for.



Lindsay Niel

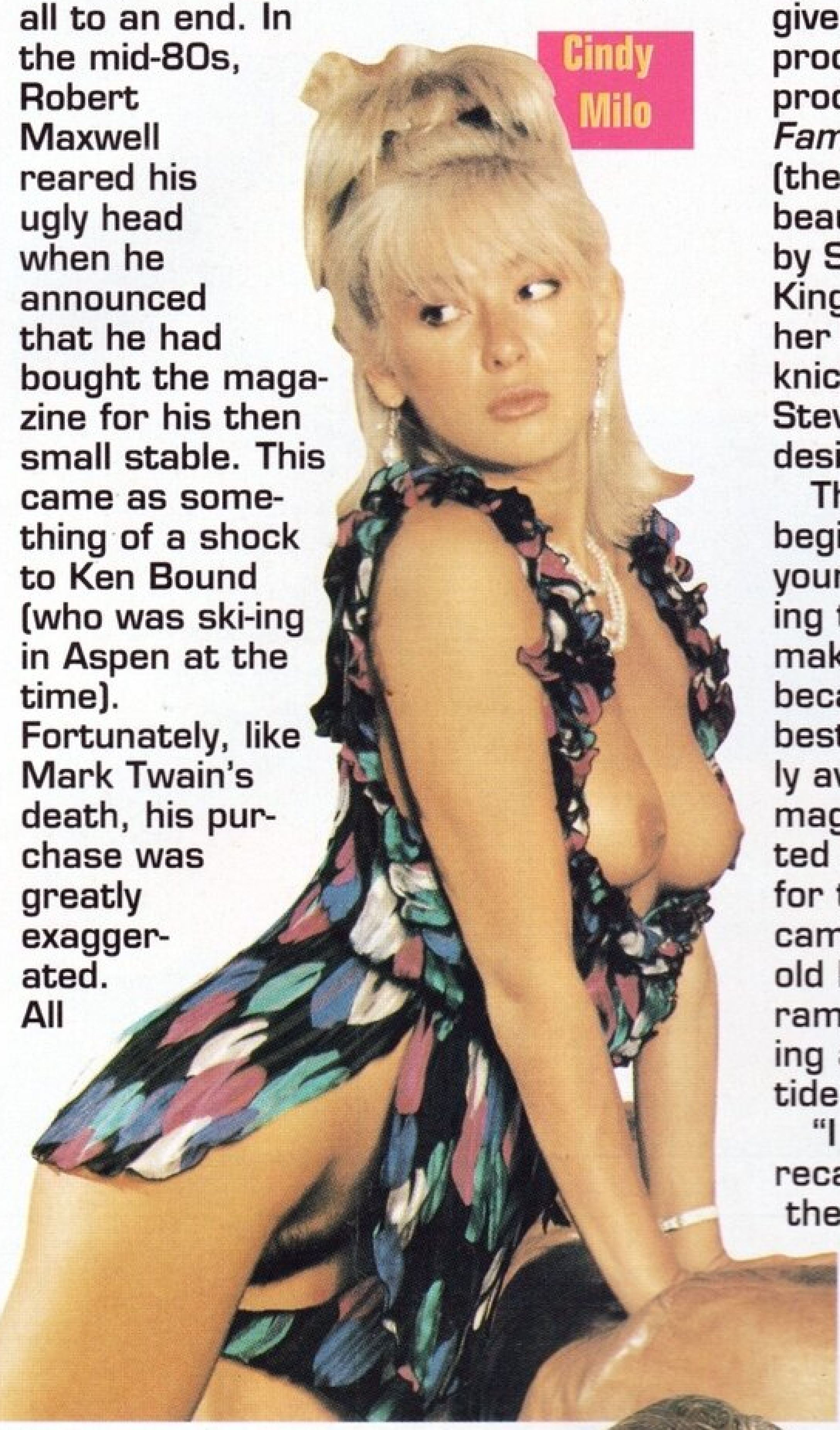
Some years later a certain Sam Fox modelled for *Mayfair*. Before that, early Page Three names like Joanne Latham, Joni Flynn and Joanie Allum had also gone that bit further for our magazine. And by the late 80s, it would be easier to list the Page Three names who hadn't appeared on our pages. Kathy Lloyd, Tracey Neve, Gaynor Bell, Maria Whittaker and Kirsten Imrie were all there along with most of the others who helped make *The Sun* bright.

Then, of course, there were game show hostesses (Sue Lee from *Winner Takes All*, Nikki Critcher of *Whose Baby?*, Cindy Milo from *Late, Late Breakfast*), the Benny Hill girls (Corinne Russell and Lindsay Neil), and actresses (Paula Ann Bland from *Grange Hill*). The occasional genuine celebrity stripped off (Victoria Principal of *Dallas*, Maud Adams from *Octopussy*), not to mention oddities like TV's glam-

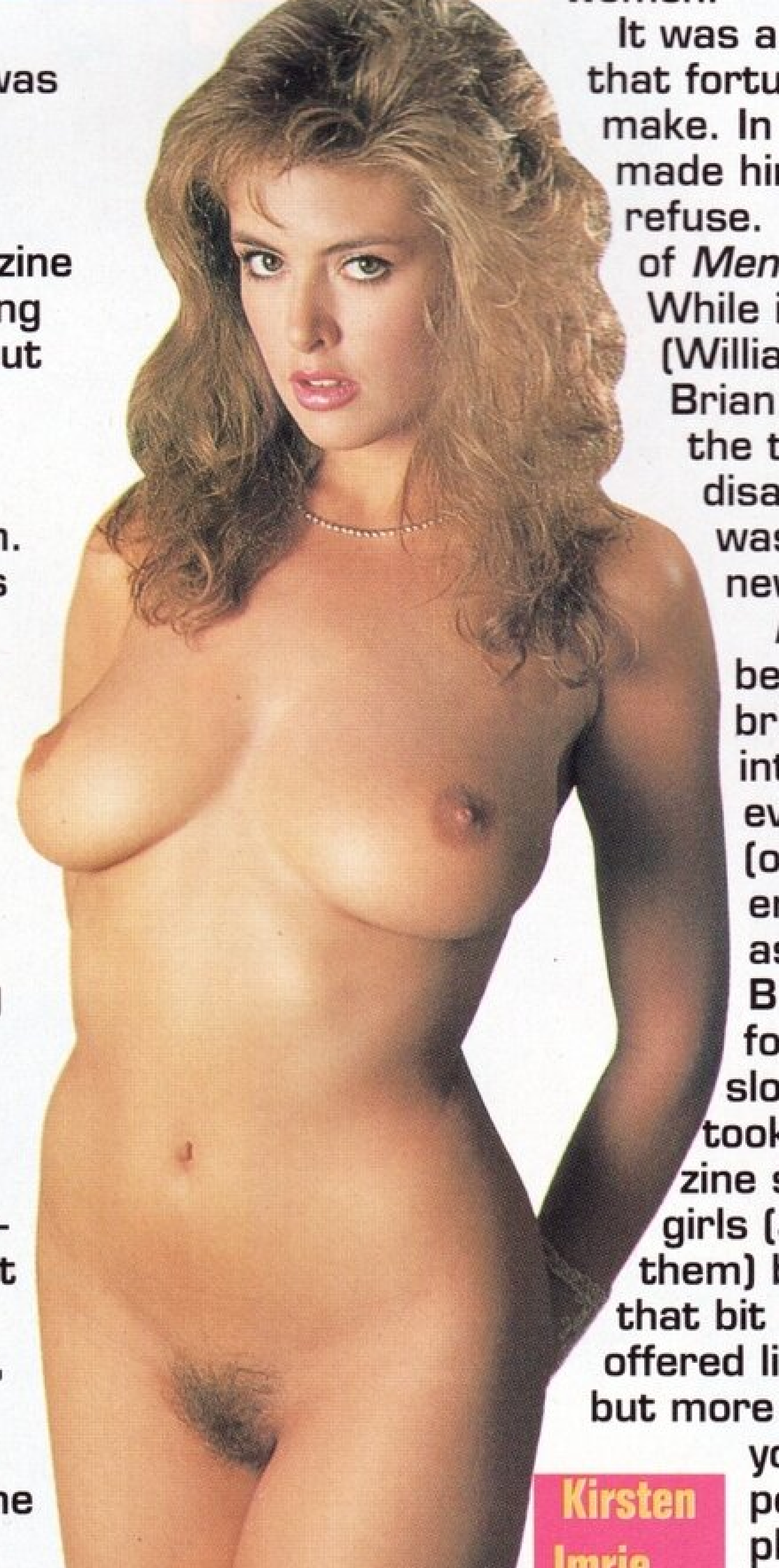
Maria Whittaker

orous grandmother nude. We even revealed rare full frontal shots of Joan Crawford. All kept *Mayfair* ahead for producing pictures of the famous and fabulous nice and naked.

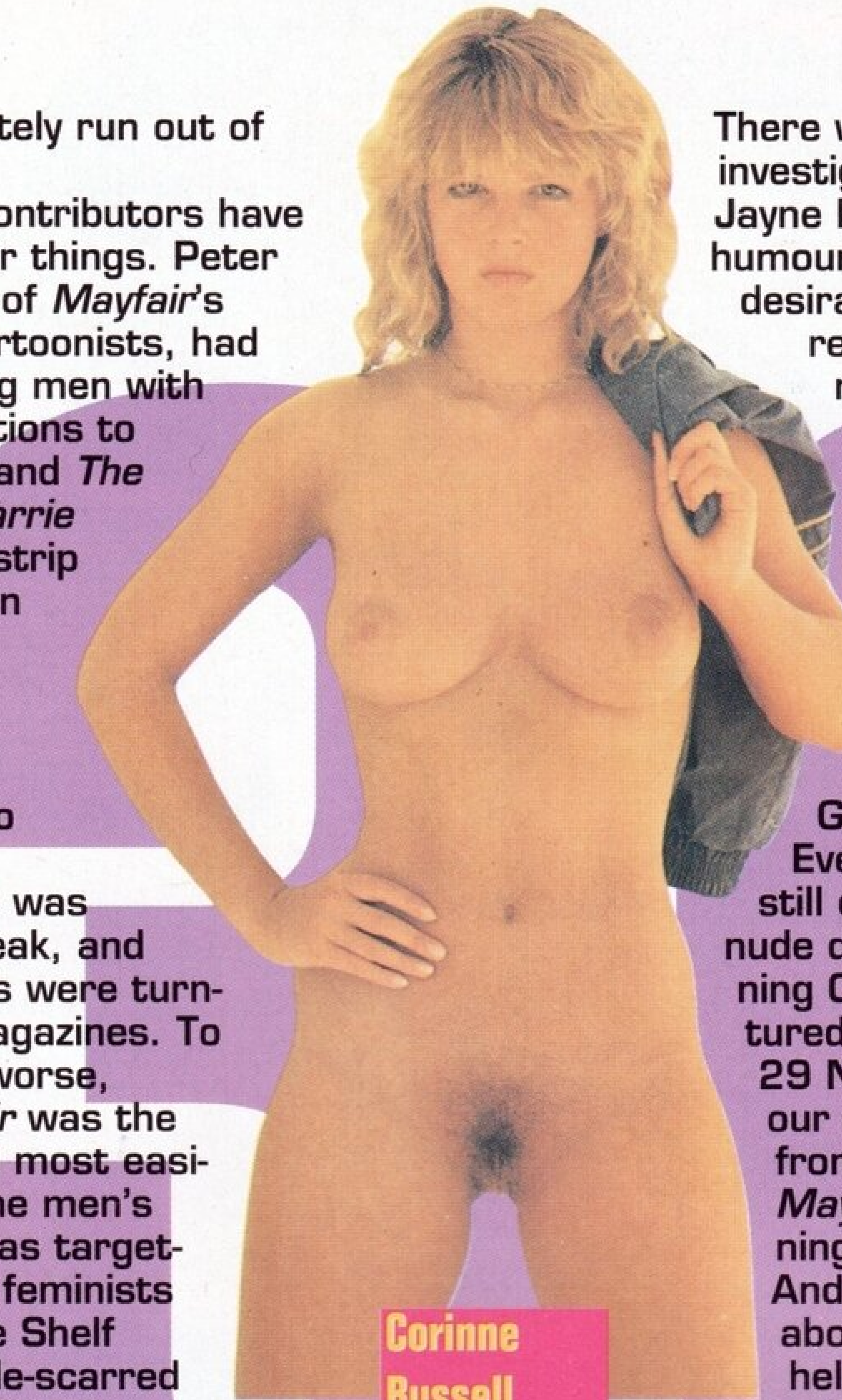
Only one man threatened to bring it all to an end. In the mid-80s, Robert Maxwell reared his ugly head when he announced that he had bought the magazine for his then small stable. This came as something of a shock to Ken Bound (who was ski-ing in Aspen at the time). Fortunately, like Mark Twain's death, his purchase was greatly exaggerated. All Maxwell had done was make an offer and agree to pay the money on a certain day, then the magazine would be his, allowing time for Bound to put together a rival bid. Reliable as ever, Maxwell's money never came through. Ken Bound's did. As well as editor, he was now the owner of the magazine.


Cindy Milo

But for how much longer? The features which marked *Mayfair* as different from an ordinary men's mag were beginning to show their age. William Boddy was still telling the increasingly uninterested readers about the suspension on Standard Triumphs, *Quest* seemed to have covered every sexual angle, and the traction engine pictures had definitely run out of steam.


Kirsten Imrie

Some of its contributors have gone on to other things. Peter Maddocks, one of *Mayfair*'s most prolific cartoonists, had given up drawing men with prodigious erections to produce *Jimbo* and *The Family Ness*. *Carrie* (the Jane-style strip beautifully drawn by Steve Kingston) lost her last pair of knickers when Steve decided to design albums.


Corinne Russell

The magazine was beginning to creak, and younger readers were turning to newer magazines. To make matters worse, because *Mayfair* was the best known and most easily available of the men's magazines, it was targetted by frontline feminists for their Off The Shelf campaign. Battle-scarred old boilers could be seen rampaging through WH Smith, removing and destroying copies. The political tide was turning against *Mayfair*.

"I knew I had a choice," Ken Bound recalls. "I didn't want to be involved in the politics so I could either make the magazine much stronger and lose the establishment image, or tamer and lose a large number of readers just to make us more acceptable to women."

It was a difficult decision but one that fortunately he never had to make. In 1991 Paul Raymond made him an offer he couldn't refuse. *Mayfair* joined the ranks of *Men Only*, *Club* and *Escort*. While it was the end of an era (William Boddy's motoring, Brian O'Hanlon's wine, and the traction engine features disappeared overnight), it was the start of a whole new one.

Mayfair was to become bolder and brighter, and brought into the 90s. Not everything worked (one disgruntled ex-employee described it as taking a vintage Bugatti and using it for ramraiding), but slowly a new image took shape. The magazine still had the best girls (and more of them) but they were that bit ruder. It still offered lifestyle features but more relevant to young people. There was even hard-hitting investigative journalism with Jayne Hastings. The mix of humour, beautiful girls and desirable objects began to re-emerge in a totally new form that everyone could enjoy.

And the big names are still to be found here. Maria Whittaker chose *Mayfair* for her only ever nude appearance. Page Three's Rachel Garley has revealed all. Even the Bond girls are still choosing us for their nude debuts, like the stunning Corina Marinescu featured in the last issue (Vol 29 No 13). But don't take our word for it. Take it from the man who shaped *Mayfair* from the beginning, now happily retired. And how does he feel about the magazine he helped to create?

"It's great!" he replied. "I still get *Mayfair* every month and the girls are more beautiful than ever. Stunning, in fact!"

So here's to another 30 years bringing you the the most glamorous babes around.

Samantha Fox

Happy Birthday
MAYFAIR
30

Letters

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

much work done, though. I was too busy eyeing up his action with the dibber, while he seemed more interested in my big pair of pruners! Eventually Dave said, "Fancy stopping for lunch?" and I said yes, hoping I would be the first choice on his menu.

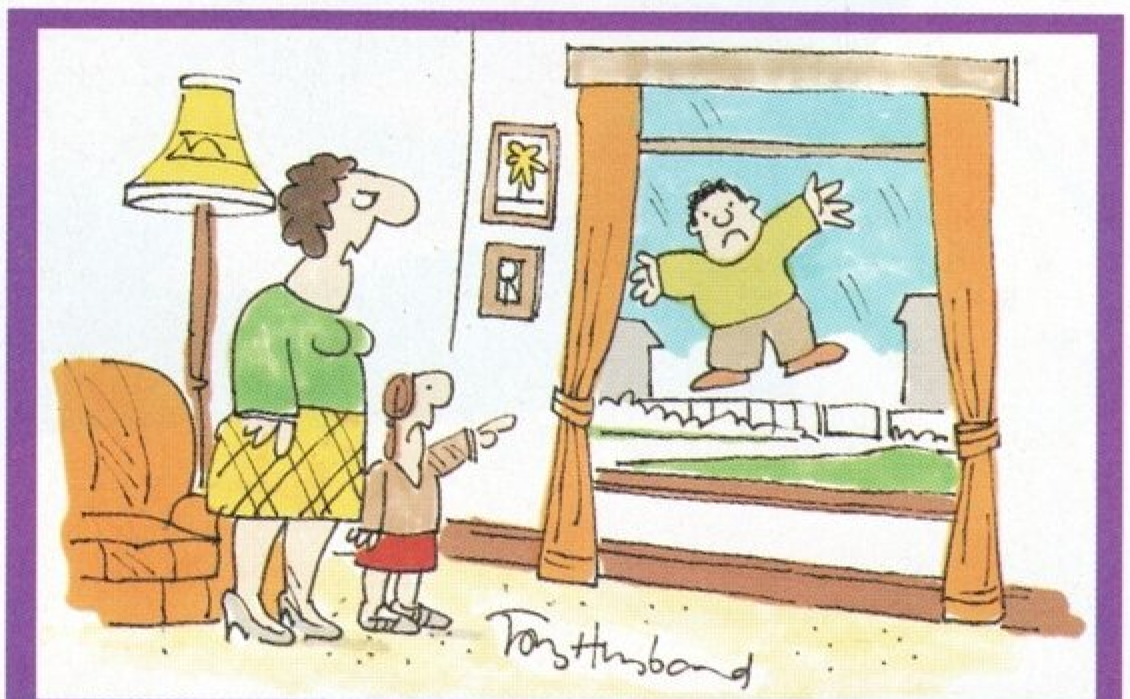
We wandered into the kitchen and I plucked up the courage to say, "I fancy something different for lunch, how about you?" as I ran my hands down his muscular thigh. Before he had a chance to reply, his mobile rang and he started to talk to his boss.

Now, I've always had a naughty streak in me so, while he chatted away, I pulled down his shorts and pulled out his big cock. Even the thick shaft of the garden rake couldn't compete with this mighty whopper. I took the throbbing helmet in my mouth and started to suck hard, while wanking the remainder of the length with firm strokes. He let out a moan and hurriedly covered it with a fake coughing fit. I'm sure his boss must have been suspicious because suddenly Dave had to answer a load of questions about his work. "Fine, fine," he panted, desperately trying to pretend everything was normal. "My tool's working fine, but there's always a need for a skilled hand." I tried to make him so horny that he'd throw the phone down and concentrate on me, so I took more of his seven inch cock in my mouth and squeezed his balls with my free hand. The phone conversation carried on with Dave's voice getting more and more breathless. At last, he couldn't bear my teasing any longer and flung the mobile into the sink.

Freed from the frustration of trying to keep quiet, Dave threw back his head and moaned in earnest. His cock suddenly shuddered and he shot load after load of creamy, hot come straight into my hungry mouth. This was a far better dinner than the usual sandwiches.

After I'd licked every last sliver of come from Dave's cock, he led me upstairs into the master bedroom and lay me down on silk sheets. With tantalising precision he slowly peeled off my clothes, his fingers brushing gently against my stiff nipples. Licking his lips at the sight of my wet hole (well, who wouldn't?), he licked at my eager clit with darting strokes like a true pro.

Within minutes I was trembling on the verge of an orgasm and dying for his prick to fill me.



HOW THE HELL DID HE GET STUCK BETWEEN THE DOUBLE GLAZING ANYWAY?

"Give me your cock!" I demanded. Dave's erection had returned and it seemed bigger than ever as he climbed between my wide open legs.

I reached down and, trembling with anticipation, grabbed his cock with one hand. I slowly circled his swollen helmet round my burning clit before sliding the thick shaft between my pussy lips. Now Dave took full control. He slowly pushed his enormous length right up my pussy, then withdrew almost completely before pushing a little deeper inside. This slow screwing was exquisite torment and I soon climaxed, shaking all over. "Faster!" I screamed as my pussy muscles gripped Dave's cock hard. "Faster!"

The man became a complete fucking machine. He drove his entire length right into me for the first time. The feeling of having so much cock inside me was amazing, as it pounded my pussy at an incredible rate.

With each stroke I could feel his big hairy balls slapping hard against my skin. I screamed again as the orgasm hit, sending me into oblivion, every inch of my body prayed that it would never end.

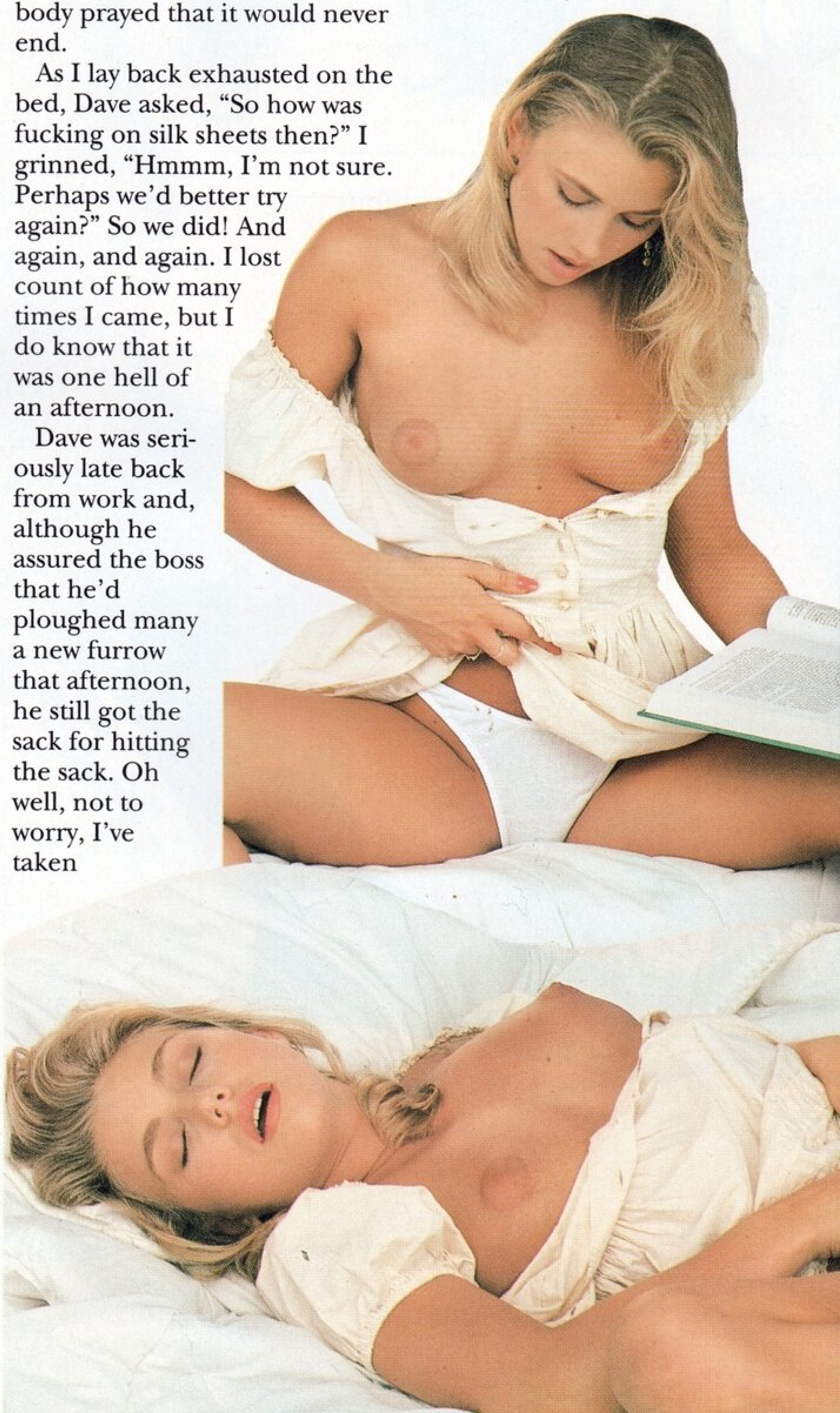
As I lay back exhausted on the bed, Dave asked, "So how was fucking on silk sheets then?" I grinned, "Hmmm, I'm not sure. Perhaps we'd better try again?" So we did! And again, and again. I lost count of how many times I came, but I do know that it was one hell of an afternoon.

Dave was seriously late back from work and, although he assured the boss that he'd ploughed many a new furrow that afternoon, he still got the sack for hitting the sack. Oh well, not to worry, I've taken him on as my willing apprentice so he can tend my bush any time he wants! – Sherilyn, Ascot

GO AND TELL P.C. JOHNSON THE TWO-WAY MIRROR WAS REMOVED LAST WEEK WILL YOU

WHITE KNICKER FRENZY

I am writing to say how much I enjoyed the latest issue of *Mayfair* (Vol 29 No 13). I was particularly pleased to see the lovely pictures of Tanya, Diane and the stunning Summer wearing white knickers. Usually when a girl is depicted wearing knickers the knickers are pulled to one side to reveal the entrance to her pussy. This is very



beautiful (and certainly very exciting), but I also feel that the sight of tight knickers hugging a girl's intimate curves is wonderful to look at.

I find the sight of white knickers most erotic as they remind me of one of my girlfriends who wore long flowing skirts which would, at the appropriate moment, be pulled up to allow a brief glimpse of smooth curves encased in white knickers. By the time she had removed these lovely garments I was almost dizzy with anticipation of touching her concealed pussy.

Although I appreciate a good bum shot as much as the next man, I sometimes feel that the needs of us knicker lovers are not fully catered for. I would love to see a cute girl with lovely legs lifting her skirt and spreading her legs to show off her knickers. So, on behalf of all knicker enthusiasts please show more beautiful girls revealing tight, white knickers – Anthony, Leeds

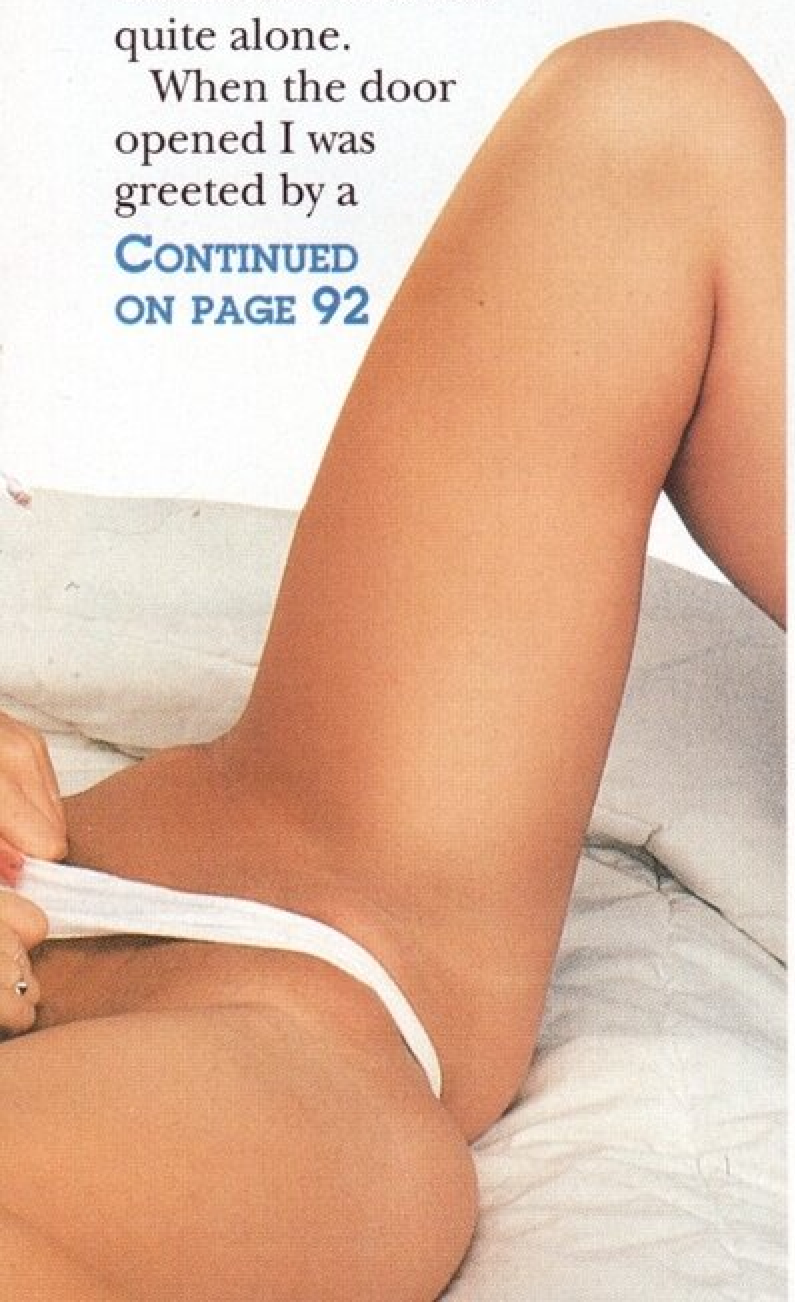
POLICEMAN'S SEXY SERVICE

As a serving police officer you will understand that I cannot reveal my real name or address. However, I felt that all at *Mayfair* would be delighted to hear about the kind of naughty community policing I indulge in.

My tale begins when I came to deal with a young lady for a minor offence and, as in all cases, you have to look into the criminal's background and the reasons why they commit crime. Fortunately for this lady (who I shall refer to as Judy to save her blushes) she was let off with a caution, and I subsequently visited her at her home. Her husband had left her and her children were at school, which meant that she was quite alone.

When the door opened I was greeted by a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 92

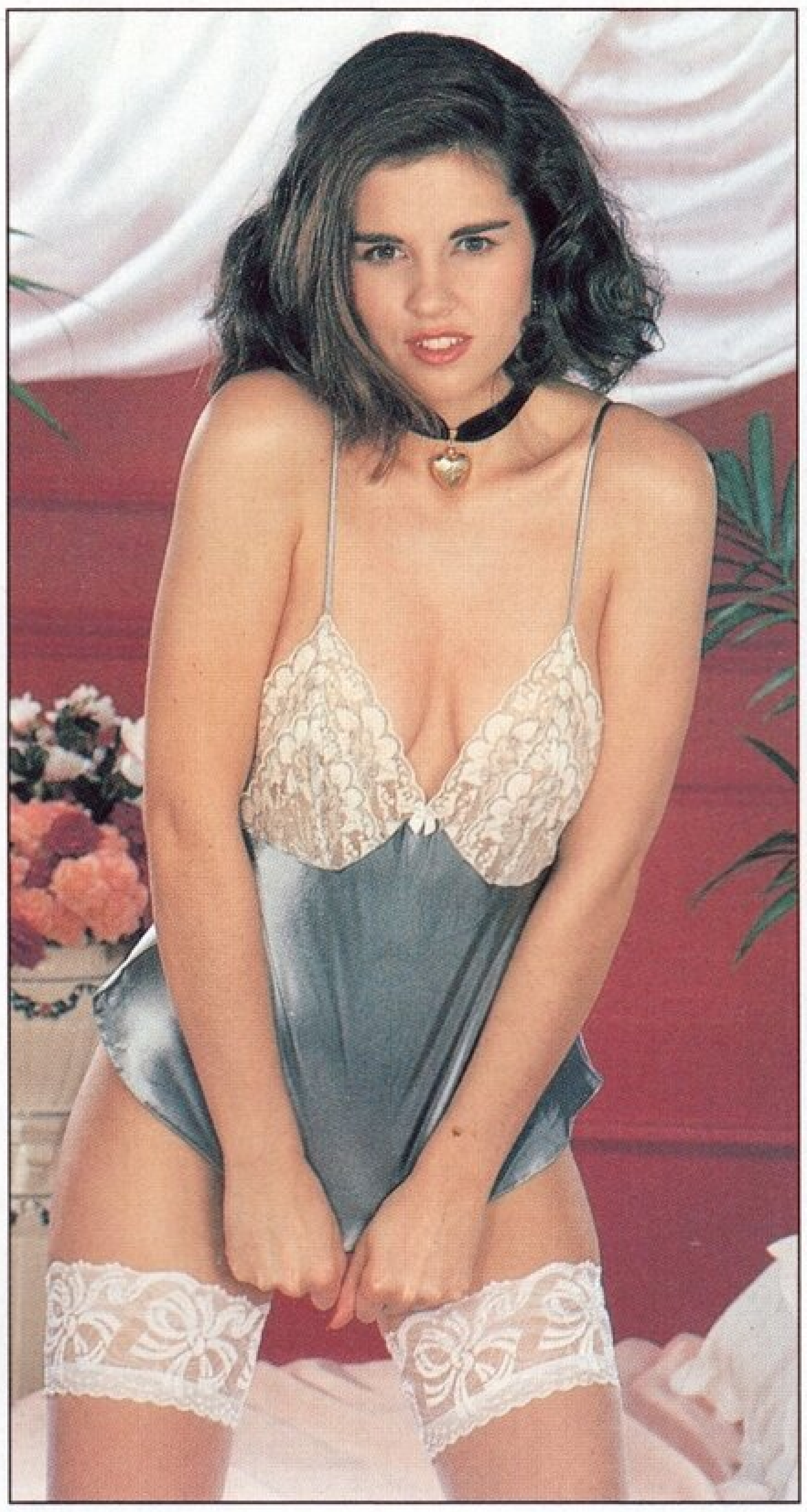


GABY BAILEY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN STEWART

"Please don't make any daft jokes about me being a dog," pleads our sexy new stunner 21-year-old Gaby Bailey, "But I love playing around and pretending to be a poodle" So what naughty canine games does Gaby get up to exactly?

"I dress up with ribbons in my hair and a soft collar round my neck, just like this black one actually," giggles the gorgeous Gaby, "Then I get a hunk to walk me round the bedroom while I play with his lead. Then I chase after a big stick, before getting down on all fours for some steamy sex. It's loads of fun being a pampered pooch. I may not have a cold wet nose but you can bet I'm very wet somewhere else." Ⓜ



MAYFAIR

girl of the month

GABY

THIRTY YEA

It looks like it flew straight out of the Batman movie, but the *SR71 Blackbird* is no product of the Hollywood dream machine, it's the fastest aircraft in the world which took to the air just as the first ever *Mayfair* hit the streets. David Windel charts the rise of the world's most fearsome spy-plane

What goes at over 2,000 mph and looks like a turbo-charged bullet? It's not the new Bond-mobile, but a super spy plane that roared into enemy territory for the first time 30 years ago. The *Blackbird* has flown over most of the world's trouble spots, dodging missiles and easily outrunning enemy fighters, while gathering photographic, electronic and who knows what other kinds of intelligence for the CIA. Not one *Blackbird* has ever been shot down, despite attacks by over 1,000 missiles.

Official figures read like world records: top speed Mach 3+ (that's 2,193mph at least), max altitude 80,000+. Their true performance remains hidden by that annoying little word plus, which sounds better than classified but amounts to the same thing. The cost of the *Blackbird* is probably also a world record, but it looks like a figure of around $50 million each and that's early 1960s US Dollars. If you fancy one for nipping across the Channel, then I'm afraid that the sophisticated reconnaissance sensors and cameras cost extra.

The *Blackbird* design team was led by aviation legend Clarence 'Kelly' Johnson, head of Lockheed's Advanced Development Projects better known as the Skunk Works (sadly the reason for the daft name remains classified). Johnson's team had been responsible for the *U2* spy plane and, in 1959, the CIA ordered the Skunk Works to build the radical new aircraft code-named *Oxcart*.

When CIA pilot Gary Powers was shot down in his *U2* while on a spying mission over Siberia in 1960, the pressure to get the new plane into the air increased dramatically. From 1962-1964 three versions of the new plane were produced with the last, the *SR71*, put into full production.

If you've ever puzzled over that infuriating build-a-plastic-telly round in the *Krypton Factor*, you'll have some grasp of the difficulties facing the *Blackbird* builders. The main nail-biter was that Mach 3 flight generates extremely high temperatures throughou the aircraft (up to 1,100°F), so the plar had to be built out of heat resistant, strong, light titanium alloy. Unfortunate this is a difficult metal to work with, an in order to shape it into the *Blackbird* c range of new techniques had to be inv ed. Even the black paint which covers i had to be made to a special recipe, co taining billions of microscopic iron bal that reduced radar efficiency, and so made the *Blackbird* the first generation stealth plane.

Stealth in aircraft comes mainly from shape, so Kelly Johnson chose a tail-le delta wing design. Chines (forward wi attached to both sides gave the *Blackb* its distinctive flat look and produced li strength, and stability. The chines were

"A turbo-charged bullet of flying pow

RSATMACH3

Is it a bird? Is it a plane? The CIA's SR71

blended into the delta rear so that body and wings became one aerodynamic structure.

The enormous twin Pratt 'n' Whitney (another laughable code-name) engines were as ingenious as the rest of the *Blackbird*, both producing 32,000+ lbs thrust. The *Blackbird* had more than double the power of the Boeing 737, and twice the likelihood of coffee christening hapless passengers' trousers.

It wasn't simply brute force that gave them their staggering performance. The huge engines were integrated into a complex system of computer synchronised by-pass doors and inlets in the airframe. At around Mach 3 the engines ceased to function as conventional jets and acted more like ram-jets. Here lies the key to its long range; fuel economy with incredible speed, some-▶

roaring into enemy territory

thing sports car manufacturers are still struggling with.

A new fuel had to be created in order to withstand the extreme temperatures of sustained Mach 3+ flight without exploding. Called JP-7, it was a pyrotechnics nightmare. A fuel that had to be mixed with a secret chemical before it would ignite. It was a common sight to see pools of JP-7 under a parked *Blackbird*. The skin of the aircraft also acted as the fuel tanks, and the effects of superheating at Mach 3 caused leaks on the ground which were soon sealed by the aircraft's in-flight expansion. The aircraft expanded up to 11 inches at top speed.

When a *Blackbird* landed it usually made a couple of passes. This wasn't just the pilot showing off his new toy (well, not after 1965 anyway), it helped the plane cool down. Even then the ground crew had to keep clear for half an hour or so to avoid being burned in service of America.

"The plane expands by 11 inches at top speed"

Aside from the technical problems associated with flying fast in *Blackbird*, there were some serious practical problems too. When you're flying at half a mile a second a slight deviation off the Black Line (the intended flight path) can be enough to tip you deep into another country's airspace. And if it's a hostile country, deep into a fly-blown torture chamber. To overcome this tricky problem an astral navigation system was developed. It scanned the sky, like a computerised Mystic Meg, to locate a number of stars held in its memory. When it found them, instead of spouting 'Love will walk through a green door painted with the letter J', it translated the data into a position, correct to within an inch.

Another area of concern was keeping the *Blackbird* in level flight. At 2000 mph even a slight deviation from level flight soon becomes an unpleasant dive. A revolutionary new auto pilot sorted this out, reducing the crew's workload and the likelihood of them losing their lunch.

The super-fast spy plane set many speed and altitude records. In 1974 a *Blackbird* crossed the Atlantic, from New York to London, for the Farnbrough Airshow in 1 hr 55 mins at a speed of 1,806mph. The world altitude record was set in 1976 with an altitude of 85,068 feet.

So what happens now the *Blackbird* has been taken out of service? Officially they're not being replaced, but we can exclusively reveal that the Aurora project is tipped as the top secret, 5,000+ mph, *Blackbird* successor. Sightings off the coast of Scotland, always accompanied by chase planes and an ear-shattering sonic boom, suggest that the *Blackbird 2* will be similar in styling to the original *Blackbird*. Only twice as fast, twice as mean-looking, and twice as powerful. So, buy the 60th Anniversary issue of *Mayfair* and we'll probably be running a retrospective of another great 30-year-old spy plane, called the Aurora. Ⓜ

VRIL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
JACK HARRISON

"Get your knickers off!" bellows yet another saucy new nude. Beg your pardon? "I've just got a job on Leeds outdoor market selling ladies lingerie," giggles 19-year-old Avril whipping off a satin skirt to reveal a nice bun-hugging gingham pair. "I borrowed these off the stall. Cute aren't they?"

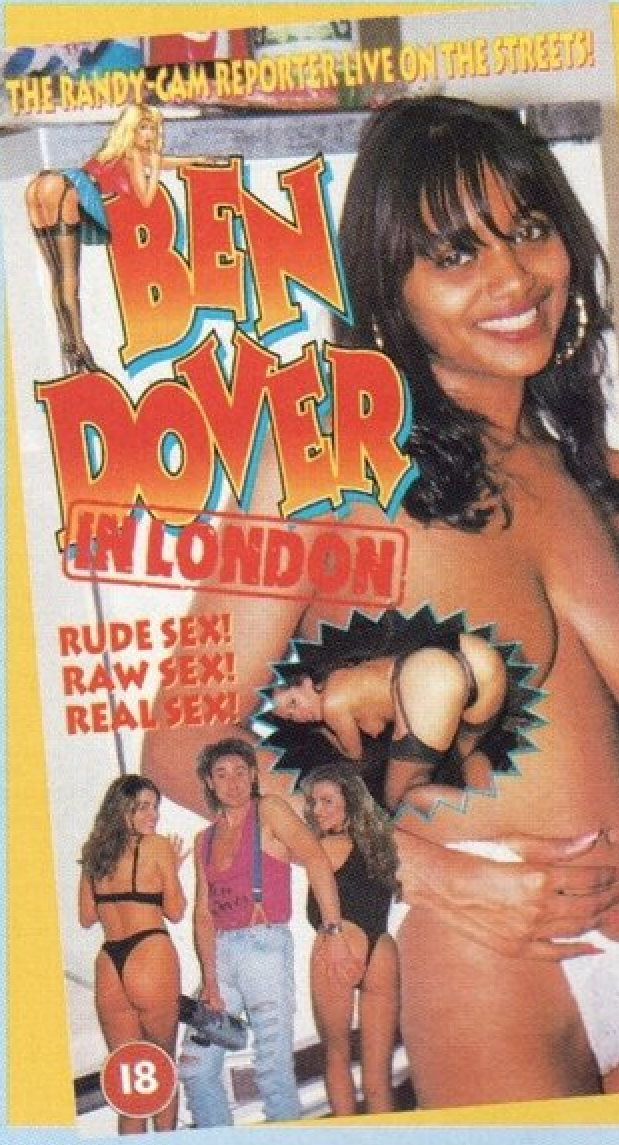
So, Avril, why would anyone want to finger gussets all day in the freezing cold? "Oh I love it!" she shrieks. "I get to shout filth 'cos that's what attracts the people to my stall. My favourite shout has to be 'I'm shedding my knickers now' which gets all the men running my way. I only drop prices, though, not my knickers – but only 'cos I never wear any."

THE VAMPIRE STRIKES BACK

If you want to turn your lady into a mushy mess this month then take her to see *Interview With The Vampire*. This movie contains just about every part-throb known to womankind – Tom Cruise, Brad Pitt, Christian Slater to name but three. So if watching Cruise biting women's necks doesn't have her eating out of your gland, then she must be dead from the waist down.

And that's not the only reason *Interview* is an ideal film to take a new girlfriend to. It's pretty scary as well, so she'll be clinging to you like a leech, and the occasional naked woman will keep your interest too. The principal female role of Sylvia is taken by Kirsten Dunst. Who? No, we hadn't heard of her either but she has a porcelain doll face and figure which is quite appealing.

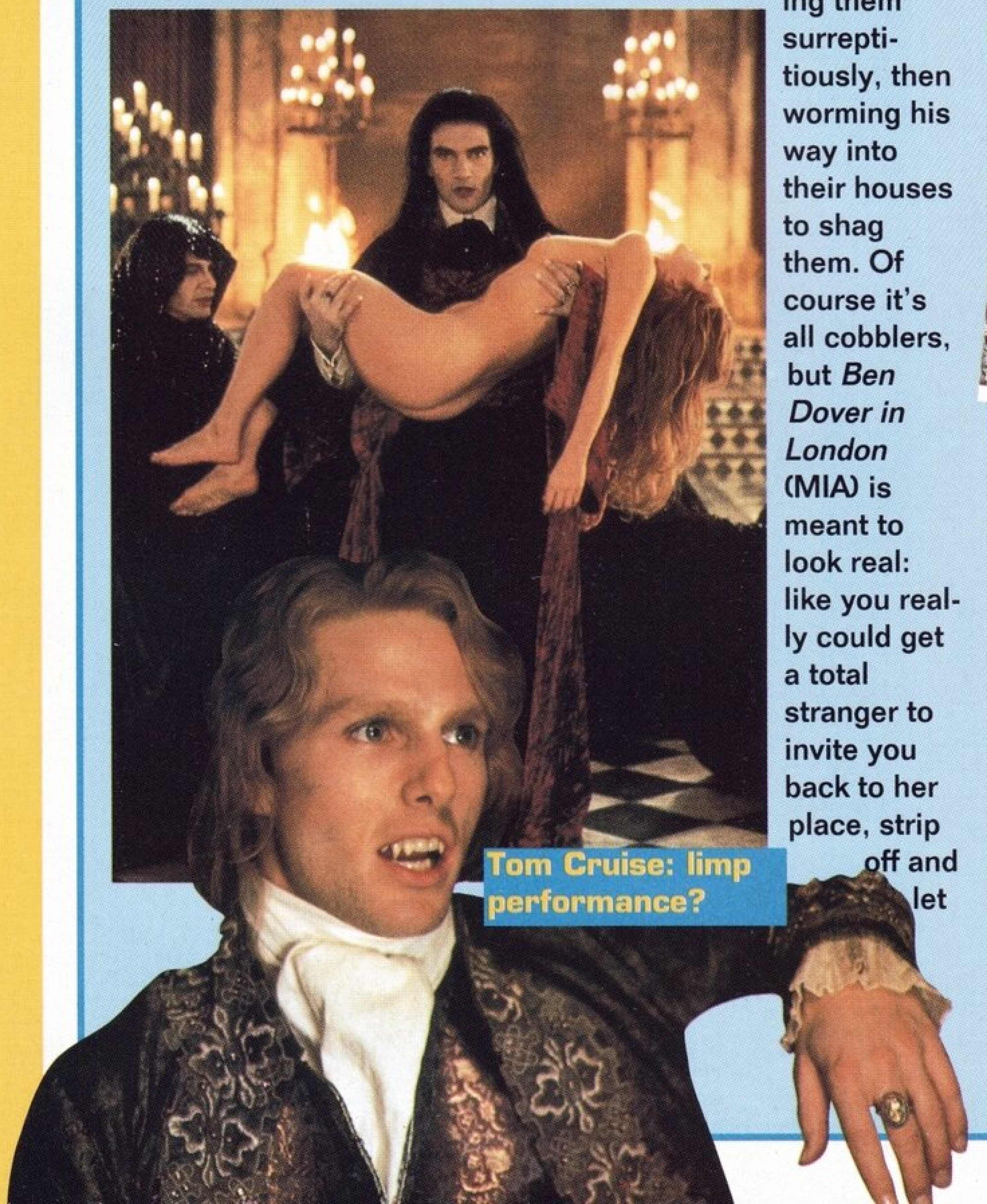
After Brannagh's home-built turkey *Frankenstein*, this looks like being much more of a success, and so could you be if you take the lady. With Cruise and Co doing the foreplay and shivering her spine, it's 6-4 on, you'll be the one putting the willies up her later.



THE RANDY-CAM REPORTER LIVE ON THE STREETS!
BEN DOVER IN LONDON
RUDE SEX! RAW SEX! REAL SEX!
18

DON'T BEN DOVER!

If you think Beadle is a bastard then you haven't met Ben Dover. Ben is a bum-obsessed creep with a camcorder who follows ordinary members of the public with pert posteriors around, filming them surreptitiously, then worming his way into their houses to shag them. Of course it's all cobblers, but *Ben Dover in London* (MIA) is meant to look real: like you really could get a total stranger to invite you back to her place, strip off and let you film her and shag her from behind, all because you're doing an underwear survey.


Tom Cruise: limp performance?

There's something deeply disturbing about the whole idea. For a start there's the intelligence-insulting notion that any woman would fall for such a stupid trick (including one girl with a double-barrelled name, waiting for the vicar to come to tea!) and, worse still, the awful thought that anyone who gets a camcorder for Christmas will be out there giving it a go.

Don't! In fact, we'd go further and suggest to any women readers that if they spot some vacuous voyeur with a video camera claiming to be conducting a survey, they should give him a hefty kick in the bollocks.

SHORT ON PC

If there was an award for the Most Politically Incorrect Town in Britain (and how long, I wonder, before there is?) then I'd like to nominate Eastbourne. Masquerading under the guise of elderly respectability are live shows that make Jim Davidson look right-on.

TED ROGERS as Muddles the Jester in
DEVONSHIRE PARK THEATRE EASTBOURNE
BOX OFFICE: 0323 412000 / 411555
22 December 94 - 15 January 95
Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs
with DAVE LYNN as The Wicked Queen
and KAREN WORTH as Snow White

All summer, for instance, Eastbourne is the only resort left that puts on a weekly *Black and White Minstrel Show* complete with white men blacked-up, wearing stripy trousers, a show the BBC considered racially offensive 20 years ago. But come the winter they go one better. Their panto, they proudly proclaim, is *Snow White and the Seven REAL Dwarfs*! That's right! No kids in costume here, Eastbourne's dwarfs are the genuinely deformed thing, and the Devonshire Park Theatre is so proud of that fact they have given it top billing.

Of course, you may not find the thought of exploiting the physically challenged offensive at all in which case we have one other warning for you. The show also stars Ted Rogers, the only man to be upstaged by a bin on game show *3 2 1*. Looks like being not so much right-on as a write-off!

BEST NOT GO

How the mighty have fallen. George Best and Rodney Marsh, once wizards of the pitch, have joined the ever increasing number of sportsmen touring theatres to dispense riveting anecdotes and answer questions from the audience.

Audience? What audience? It seems that unlike Mr Botham and Co, Best and Marsh's days of pulling a crowd are over. One local theatre cancelled their show due to "a total lack of interest" but their management was not perturbed. "They are the greats of football. It must be the wrong time of year." So the show was re-arranged for the busy winter season.

Last week it was cancelled for the second time due to lack of interest.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Jo Brand

If you're ever up before the judge, you'd better pray that Jo Brand isn't doing her jury service that day.

"Is OJ Simpson guilty? Course he is. He's a bloke isn't he?" is Ms Brand's idea of justice towards members of the male sex, and almost everyone else for that matter. Returning to her home town of Hastings for the show I watched, she ingratiated herself with the locals by imme-

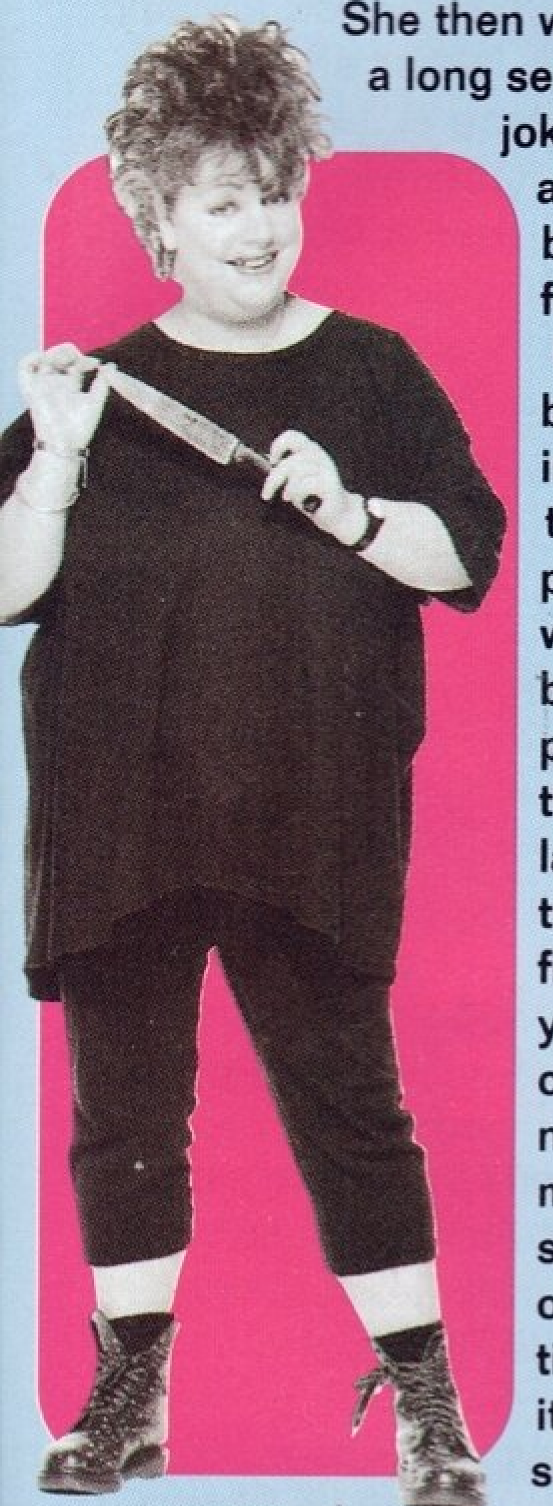
★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

HOT BOX RELEASES

- Terminal Velocity
- Legends of the Jungle Book
- Malice
- Eat Drink ManWoman
- Bad Lieutenant
- Full Eclipse
- Leon

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

diately likening this lovely town to Bernard Manning's arsehole. Good move, since other comics' attempts to sweet talk the locals have met with a stony silence. She then went into a long series of jokes about being fat. Perhaps being informed that the problem with being plump is that fellas have trouble finding your cunt is not the most subtle observation, but it shows she's prepared to put herself down as violently as she does others. The problems of PMT and Femidoms (oh not again!) followed, and woe betide anyone foolish enough to heckle. Luckily the audience seemed far too intimidated to shout at the first real fat, funny and female comic.



With props consisting solely of a pint of lager and an endless stream of cigarettes, and a delivery slower than the second class post, Jo Brand may not provide a big brash show but her wicked one-liners more than make up for it. Far better than she's ever been on television, Ms Brand takes the cake live.

MEGA DRIVE 32X
SEGA
SEGA
16-BIT
MEGA DRIVE II

CAM AND PLAY

Sanyo claim to have made a completely idiot-proof camcorder; a contradiction in terms some might say, since owning a camcorder is proof you are an idiot of Beadle-esque proportions. Prejudice aside, *ActionCAM* is a point and shoot camcorder, shorn of fancier features and using a fuzzy logic based automatic exposure control, to give an image that's as sharp as Bryan Ferry's. At £399 the *ActionCAM* is one of the cheapest products of its type on the market, and the great news is that low power consumption means you can get twice as much recording time from a single charge. So next time the neighbours invite you round to watch their Mykanos holiday vids, remember to bring your sleeping bag. Contact Sanyo on 0923-477130.

GOING GREAT GUNS

Big game hunting may be out of your price range, but you can now reproduce its thrills in your own back garden using an armful of cuddly toys and the latest high-tech airgun. The *Feinwerkbrau C55* is the kind of precision weapon that makes the peashooter used to annihilate metal ducks at the local fairground look like a mangled heap of rusty metal (well, that's all they were anyway). The manufacturer claims an accuracy of 0.04 inches at 10 metres when using the *Feinwerkbrau C55* This means you could circumcise a fly with it at 20 paces, should you feel the urge. The gun is powered by a CO_2 cylinder, takes a five shot magazine, and you don't need a licence to own one. Prices range from $1100 to $1600 (about £800-£1000). Contact Reeman Precision Airguns on 0101-714-890-4800.

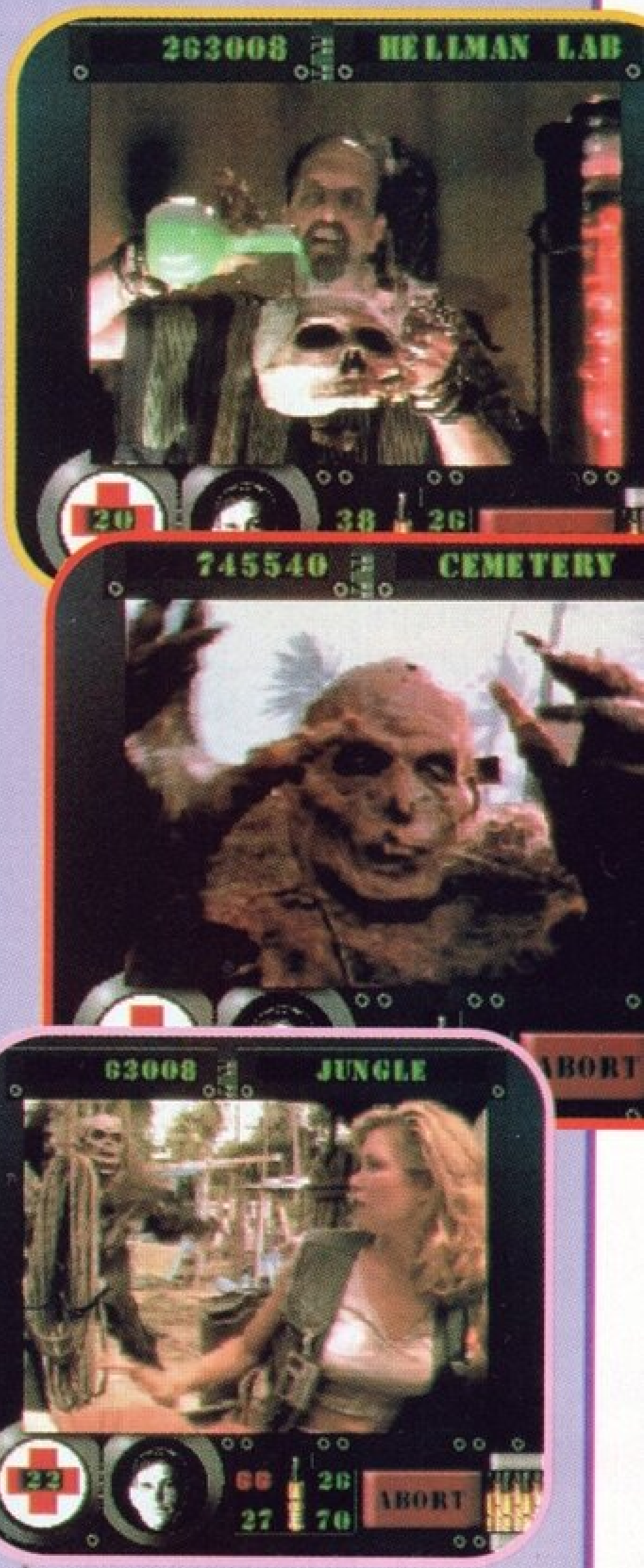
Feinwerkbau C55
5
6
7

SEGA POWER

The *32X* is Sega's last gasp attempt to get you into 16-bit computer technology before the arrival of the new generation of 32-bit systems, like Sega's *Saturn* and Sony's *Playstation*, due next year. The *32X* plugs into the *Megadrive*, so you'll have to splash out £80 on that, even before you can consider buying one. The expensive add-on greatly increases the processing power of the *Megadrive*, and lets you indulge in some of the coolest games around since Mickey Rourke rubbed ice-cubes over Kim Basinger in *9½ Weeks*. Most notable is the arcade hit *Virtura Racer* and the classic *Doom* from i.d. software. The *32X* costs £169 and is probably only for hard-core Sega fanatics (or "16-bit punks" as Dirty Harry calls them).

DEAD GOOD

Imagine a splatter-filled computer game with a filming budget of £1 million, where the people you kill are real. That's *Corpse Killer*, a voodoo-hoodoo shoot-em-up set on an island not unlike Haiti. Under attack from gangs of zombies, blood-suckers and other nasties, the experience is not unlike a visit to your local bank. This is one of the most realistic and compulsive games ever, guaranteed to satisfy the most blood-thirsty gun-wielder. *Corpse Killer* is available now from your local video games store, for most computers and consoles.



PUT YOURSELF IN MY PLACE

Tiny perv-stress Kylie Minogue has been moaning I Should be Lucky to the newspapers this month. Why? Because she's chewing the carpet for a spanking new hunk. "I have wealth, fame, homes in London, Paris and Australia, but I've still not found the man of my dreams," moans munchy midget Minogue. "That's all that's missing. If I found him I'd be complete." So, if you spot her propping up the bar and downing the XXXX in your local it's still not too late...

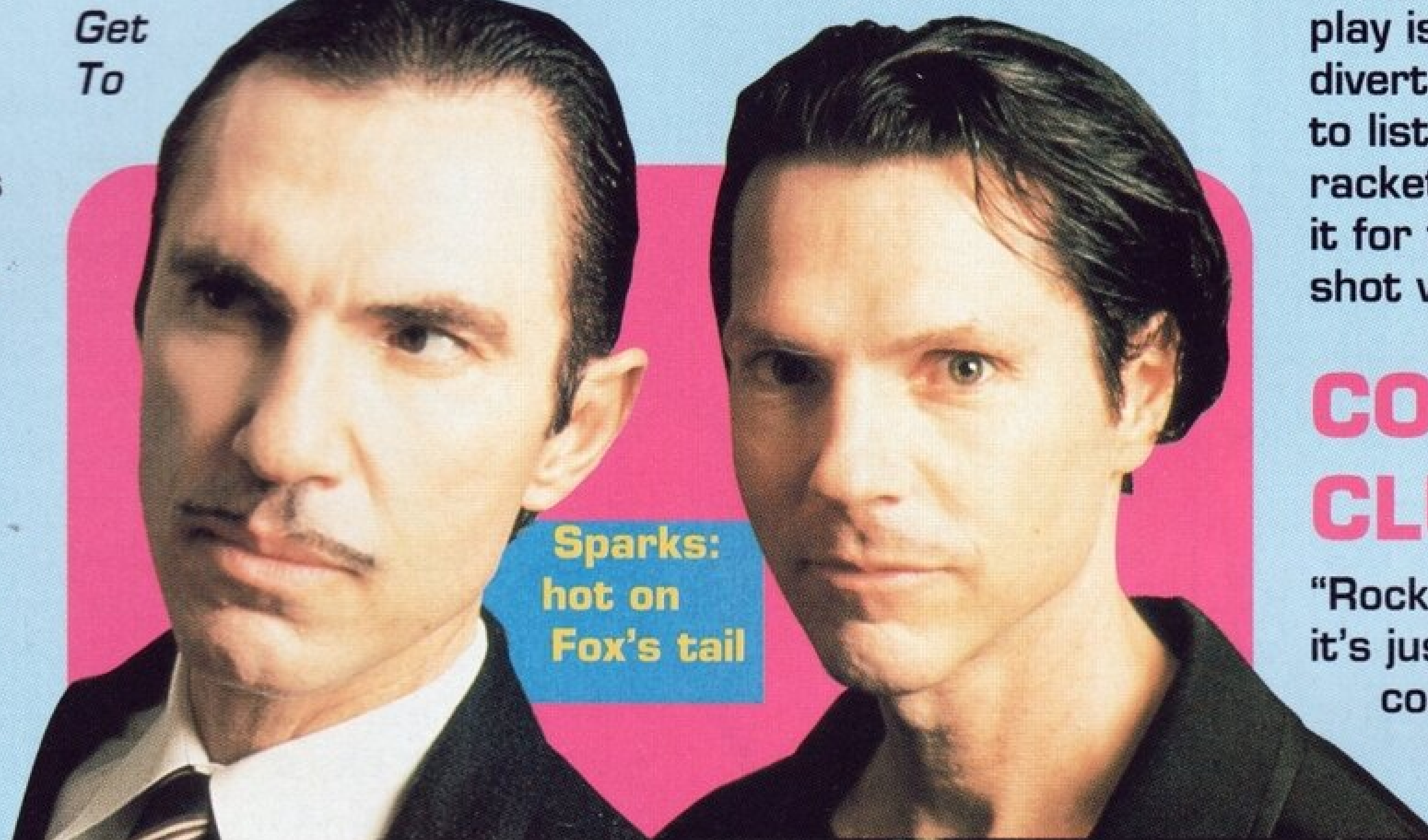
Kylie: she should be so lucky, lucky, lucky

COME AGAIN, JONI?

With the confusingly named *Turbulent Indigo* album, celebrated tab smoker Joni Mitchell is set to make a massive comeback. Early reports indicate the new LP is packed with classics, and her voice is nearly as powerful as on *Hejira*, despite her nicotine binges. After going down the dumper in the early 80s (largely due to a snoozy jazz album with Charlie "Who?" Mingus), Joni feared throat trouble would stop her warbling for good. Shunning top docs she went to a Hawaiian seer, opened her mouth and asked "Do you see death there?" The medicine man assured her the grim reaper was not lurking down her throat, and the mystery bug wandered off. Reports that it has since taken up residence in the larynx of Stone Roses singer Ian Brown are unfounded.

MAEL FANTASIES OF SAM FOX!

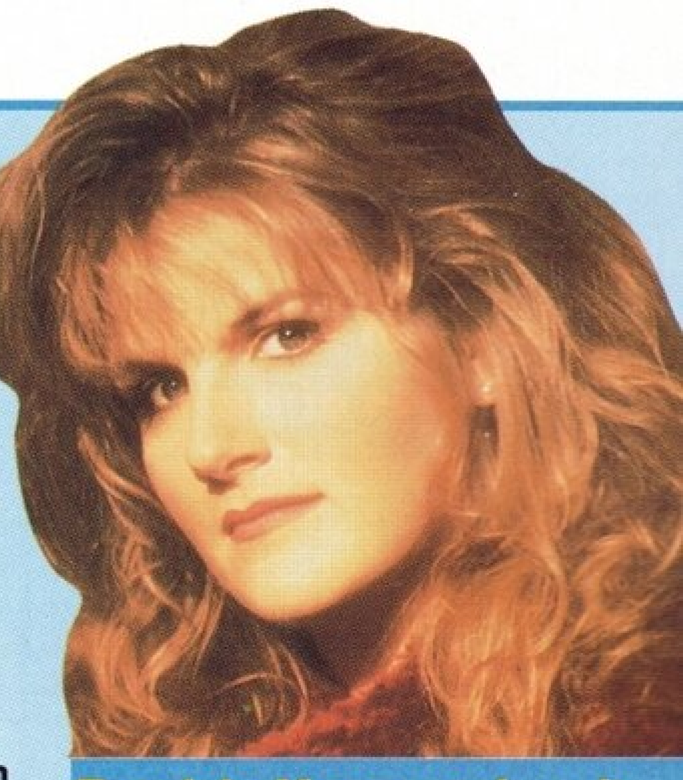
Sparks brothers Ron and Russell Mael are in a bit of a huff right now. Not only did their comeback single *When Do I Get To Sing My Way?* barely manage to crawl as far as No 38 in the charts, (eliciting quips that This Cheque 'Aint Big Enough For The Both Of Us), but their dream girl Samantha Fox has just got hitched. "How could she do this to us?" blubbed Russell. "We worship her." Indeed they do, even dictating in their tour contract that 'The dressing room shall include at least 5 posters of Miss Samantha Fox'. Oh well, with a new single *When I Kiss You I Hear Charlie Parker Playing* out on Valentine's Day, a hit might cheer them up a bit.



Sparks: hot on Fox's tail

PRINCE OF PERVS

The man behind the perfume *Insatiable*, Prince, recorded the *Black Album* back in 1990. Then he went bonkers, started calling himself squiggle, and decided against foisting this album on us. His ex-record company have not, so here it is in all its pervy glory. The cover boasts explicit lyrics, but unfortunately it's the usual semi-saucy waffle and not as dirty as you might expect. Musically, it's standard hump 'n' grunt on *Rockhard In A Funky Place*, *Dead On It* and the fab *Le Grind*. Not as legendary as the cover claims, but by no means a raspberry.



Patricia Yearwood: quit her whinging

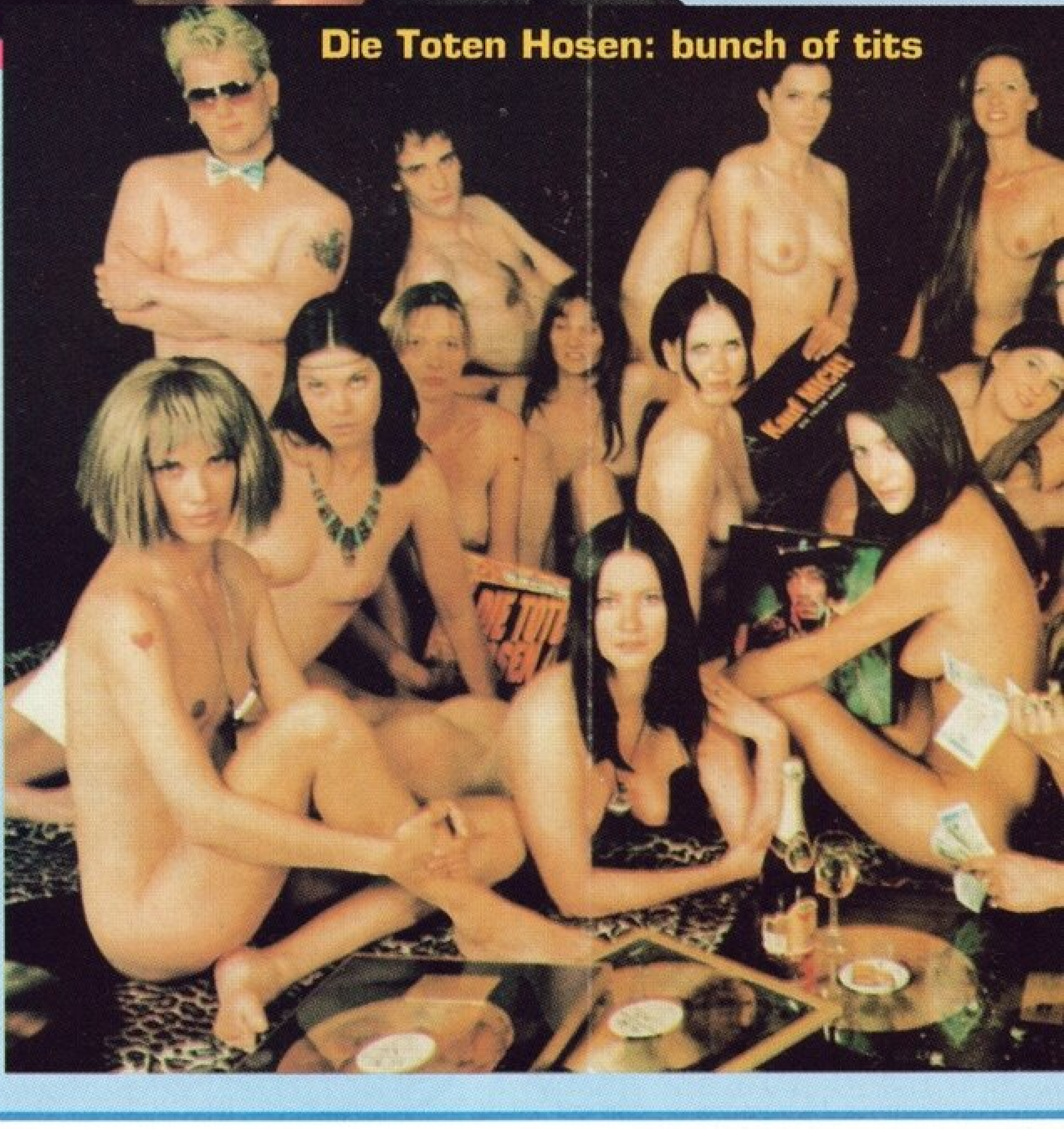
HOSEN ME DOWN

German punk band Die Toten Hosen have recreated the sleeve for Jimi Hendrix's *Electric Ladyland* for their latest album, *Love Peace & Money*. It's a total babe-fest with nubile females frolicking with a few strategically placed album sleeves. Attempting to count the number of bare boobs, bums and nipples on display is a good bit more diverting than attempting to listen to the raucous racket on the disk. So buy it for the sleeve on big-shot vinyl only.

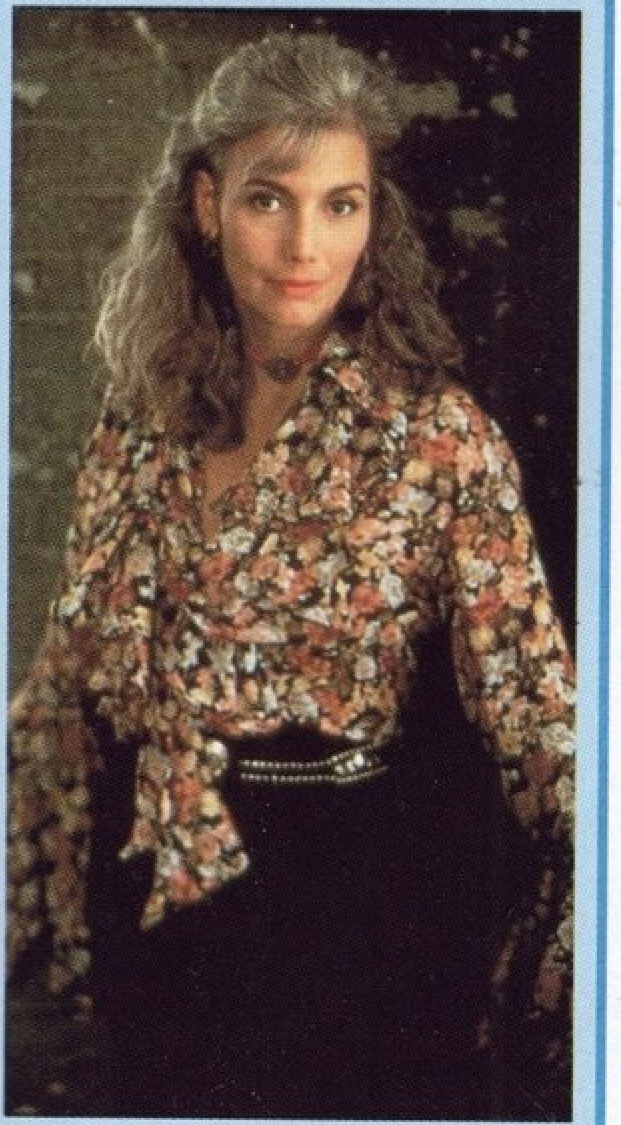
COUNTRY CLUB

"Rock and roll hasn't died, it's just developed into country music," spouted Elton John

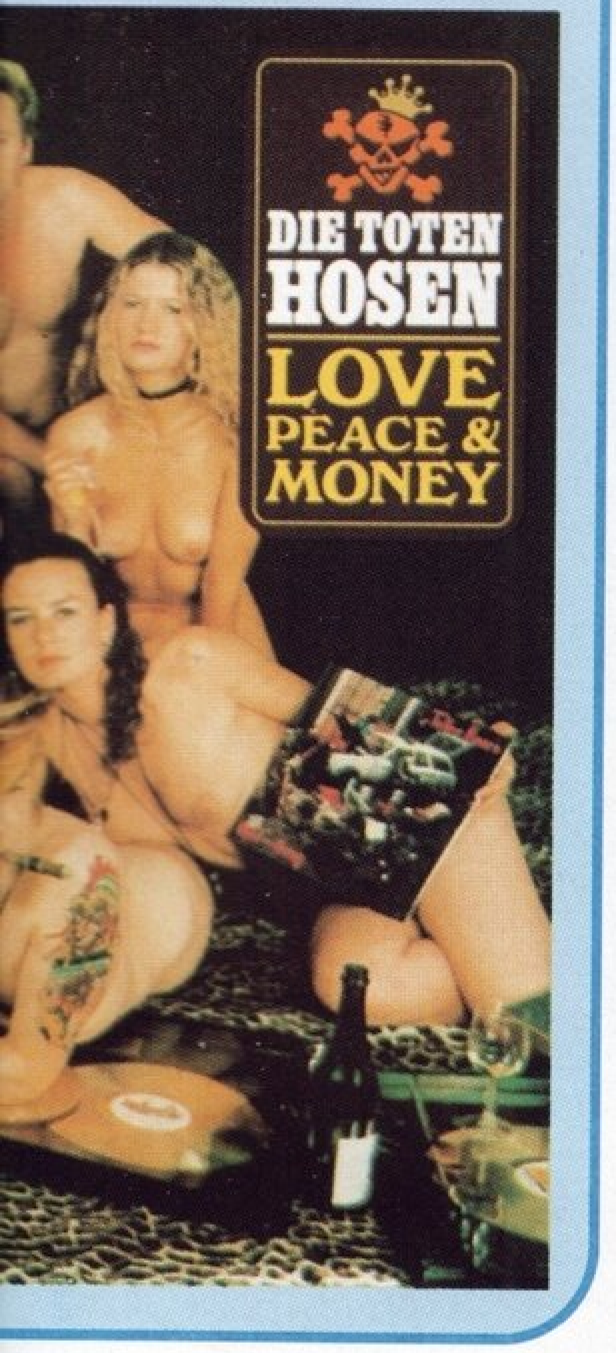
Die Toten Hosen: bunch of tits



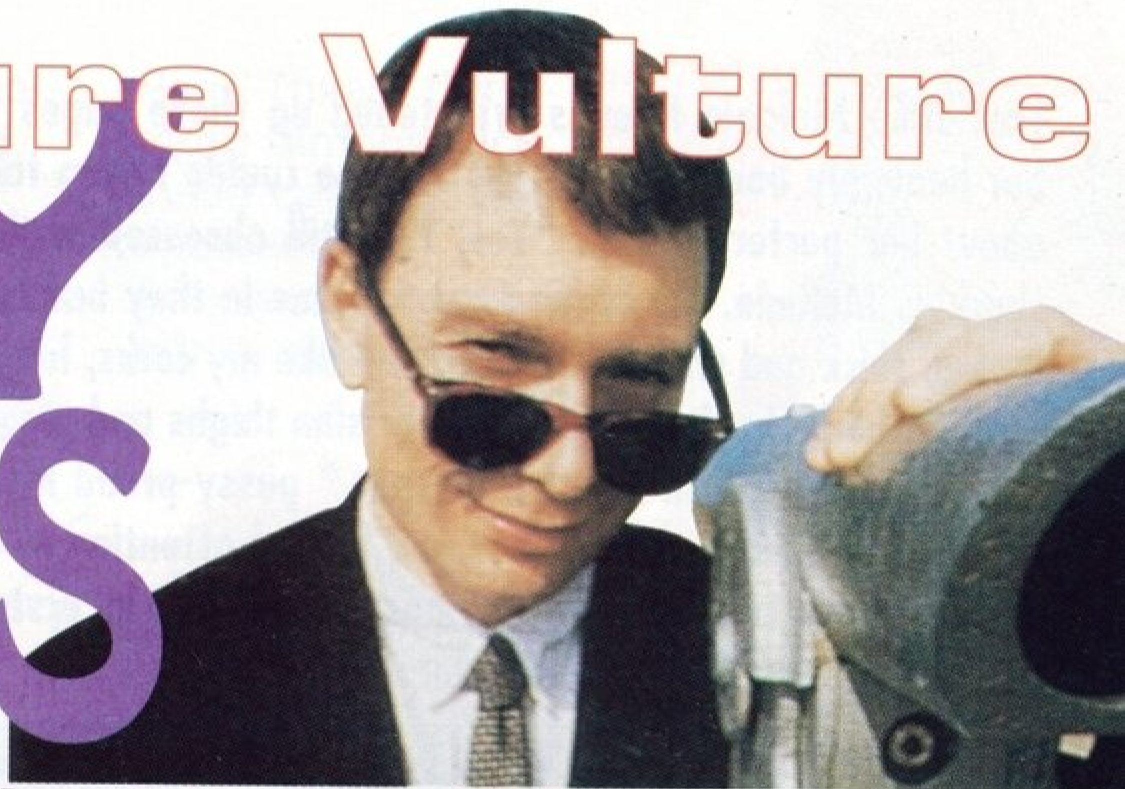
recently. In the US, artists like Garth Brooks regularly outsell pop queens Madonna and Jacko. Country has lost its 'even mah dawg left me' image and mutated into New American Music. In an effort to shift some country units, a massive tour of 13 European countries kicks off in April. Artists include Emmylou Harris, Marty Stuart and Trisha Yearwood. So dust off your ten gallon hat and dosey-do on down. Ⓜ



Emmylou Harris: bigger than Madonna



TONY PARSONS



Pop culture commentator and 70s enfant horrible at the NME, Tony Parsons, describes himself as a rock veteran, while the publicist of his new book thinks he's more valuable than a pair of Kylie's knickers. *Mayfair* met him but was too interested in sex to find out the truth...

One morning in 1976 Mick Jagger awoke to find a foul-smelling dog turd in his tassle bag. That dog turd was punk, and the hungriest fly on it was teenage music writer Tony Parsons.

Amphetamine-fed bands like The Sex Pistols and The Clash were out to kill the dope-smoking, blubber-bag hippies who sat like kings on the fortunes they had made from countless concept triple albums. Hand-in-face with the punk scene went the *NME* and, with his then-girlfriend Julie Burchill riding shotgun, Parsons delivered a much-needed napalm enema up the fat backside of British rock. He was hailed as the hardest boy in the punk playground and everyone was scared of him. Even Sid Vicious. Although Parsons now describes himself as a "wizened old veteran of rock", and admits to an admiration for Morrisey and Suede, he still knows how to kick up a stink through television documentaries like *The Tattooed Jungle*.

Now Virgin have published a collection of Parsons' journalism, *Dispatches From The Frontline Of Popular Culture*, (Virgin publishing, £15.99) including opinionated pieces on the last 19 years of popular culture; everything from the Pistols' legendary appearance at The Screen on Islington Green, to the servile habits of Japanese girls.

"I never keep old copies of my work," says Parsons, "so some of the early stuff that I did when I was 20 made me shudder. But I'd only been a journalist for ten minutes so it's excusable."

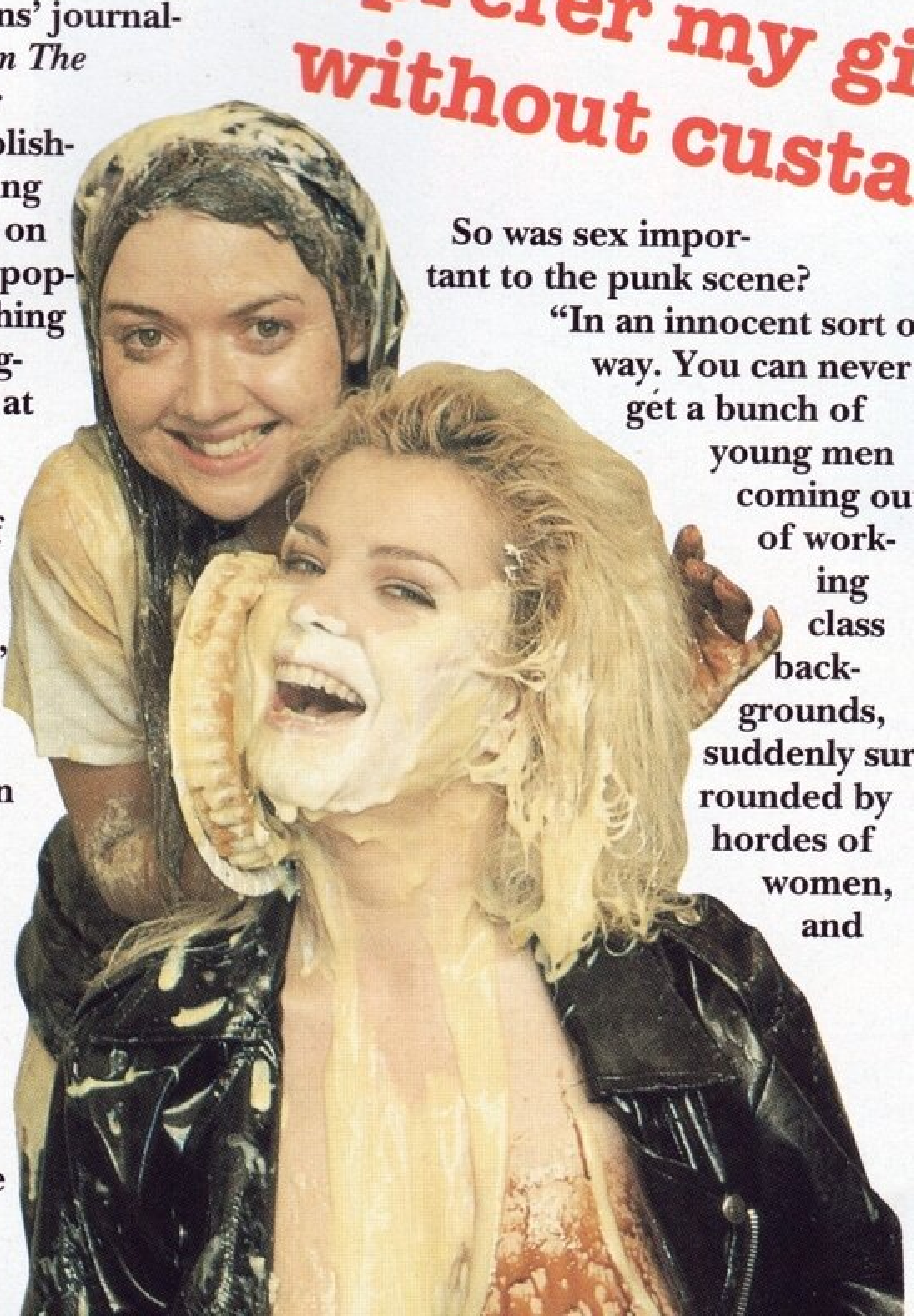
There's not a great deal about naked women in the book. So what does Parsons think about sex and, in particular, *Mayfair*?

"I think magazines like that are sexy," he says. "Not like some men's magazines; I prefer my women without custard! But in general a good-looking woman without clothes on appeals to me.

"We have all been conditioned by Feminism to stand up and salute when a woman walks in the door which has lost men some of our masculinity. I believe men and women are equal but very different. I think most women prefer looking at pictures of naked women, but in a different way, because aesthetically they are more attractive than men.

"I don't know how you can say that you don't like looking at pictures of naked women – unless you're severely fucked up. I mean what are you denying? It doesn't reflect badly on the people who like looking at those pictures. It reflects badly on those people who don't."

"I prefer my girls without custard"



So was sex important to the punk scene?

"In an innocent sort of way. You can never get a bunch of young men coming out of working class backgrounds, suddenly surrounded by hordes of women, and expect them not to shag."

Unfortunately, it seems these lads were not too hot on the romantic bit, especially the morning after...

"I remember a lot of mornings in provincial motels when girls that had spent the night with famous musicians were brushed off to the jeers of a whole coach-load of bands and roadies. There was always that 'boys together' thing."

Johnny Rotten once said that sex was just three minutes of squelching. What was his problem?

"The Sex Pistols were so self-consciously anti-rock star, that groupies were never that popular with them. Of course any successful man will get women, whether he's a punk or not. But you didn't get real hardcore groupies with them that would wait for their idol in Tokyo and Leeds just to get a shag."

The New Lad phenomenon is pretty big at the moment. Does this remind you of punk's madder days?

"The whole Lad thing has gone too far. I don't think, for instance, that women and football mix. Punk was a time when the music scene wasn't fuelled solely by drugs, when people were more idealistic. The Lads thing is all about the New Masculinity, reclaiming what is ours. I think it's okay, but when people like *Loaded* say that all that matters in life is football and crisps, I hold my head in despair. "

What about the music scene now? Do you see anything you like?

"The big stars of the 80s, Madonna, Prince, and all them, have floundered in the 90s. The most famous person I can think of at the moment is that fat bloke out of Take That. There's nothing to compare with punk. Even the dance scene doesn't go far enough. It's essentially a weekend thing. In the punk days you could dream yourself into existence. There are no frontiers to push back now."

Yeah, Tony, but there's a lot more flavours of crisps than there was in those days... Ⓜ

Last time Melanie Reeves brightened up these pages with her heavenly body (Vol 29 No 12) she couldn't stop talking about her perfect pussy. "Yes, I'm still obsessed with it," chuckles Melanie. "If cocks want to come in they had better be big, thick and stiff. I like sex like I like my cocks, long and hard." She looks down between her slim thighs and giggles.

"I'm know, I'm a bit of a fusspot," pussy-proud Melanie reveals. "I need a skilled hand and lots of attention to keep me satisfied, but since I only moan when I'm in ecstasy I haven't had any complaints so far."

MELANIE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
JOANIE ALLUM

laboratory of human response

Quest

Some people love to look before they leap especially when shagging. Three female voyeurs explain the thrills of being a sex spy

NAME: MISS N
AGE: 24
TOWN OF ORIGIN: BATH
OTHER DETAILS: THIS ATTRACTIVE BRUNETTE RECENTLY MOVED INTO A STUDIO FLAT OVERLOOKED BY A LOW-RISE OFFICE BLOCK.

Quest: Did you mind the fact that your bedroom was overlooked?

Miss N: No, it didn't bother me because the office was empty by the time I got home from work. I often wandered around the flat with no clothes on and slept with the windows open. One night I was lying in bed and I noticed a light shining in the office opposite my window. I was intrigued because I'd never seen anyone there before.

Quest: Could you see anyone at all through the open window?

Miss N: At first I thought it was probably the cleaners. Then a man came to the window. I could see him clearly from my bed, so I just lay there and watched. After a few minutes a woman came and stood behind him. She was completely naked and the man clasped her breasts as she reached down to undo the buttons on his shirt. Her hands fell to his crotch and followed the outline of what I presumed to be a huge hard on.

"he buried his face i

My curiosity got the better of me, and I got up and stood at the window. Their lights were on, but because mine weren't I doubt if they could see me. It was my very own private seduction show, and I watched the mystery woman gently unzip his trousers and pull out his cock. He was wearing no underwear - my kind of man!

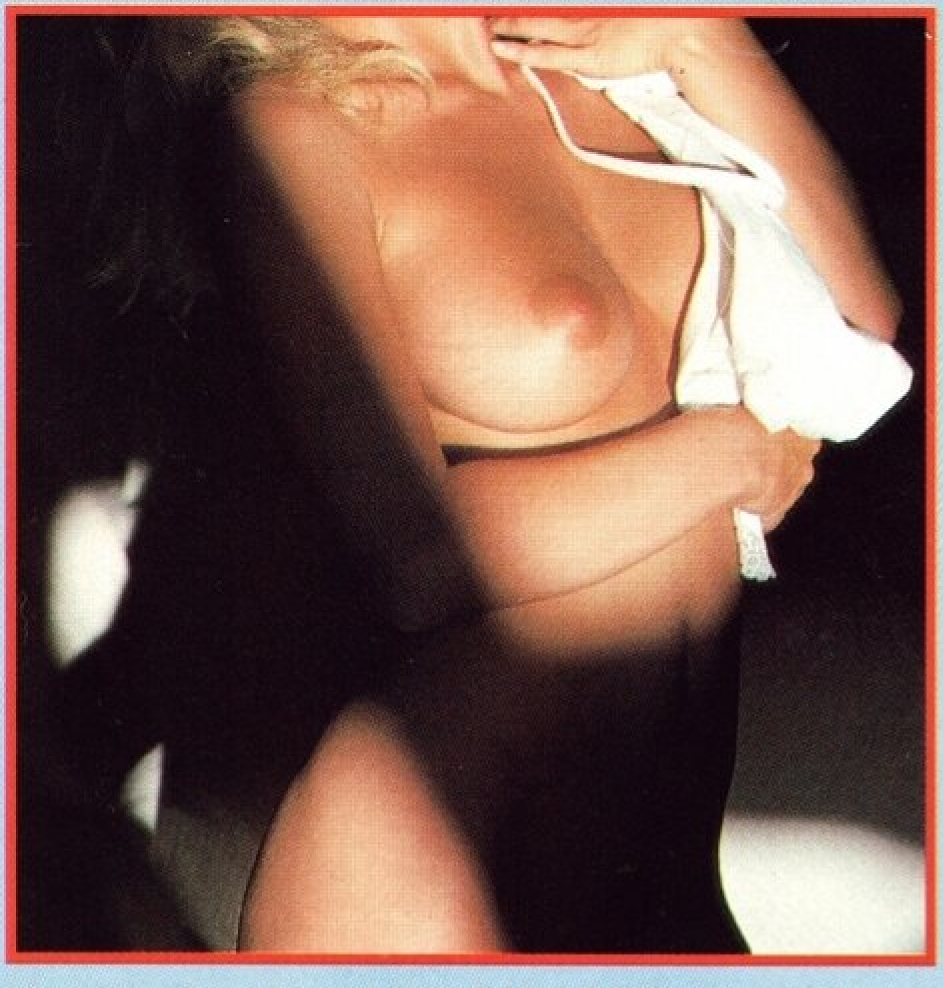
Quest: Did watching them together affect you in any way?

Miss N: It really turned me on. I could feel that familiar throb in my groin and my breathing became shallow. As the woman in the window started to wank him with long, deliberate strokes of her hand I reached my own fingers down to my stiffening nipples. I felt their hardness under my fingers, and shuddered slightly. Over the road my mystery couple were taking things nice and slowly. Her hand was still moving up and down the length of his shaft, sliding his foreskin easily over the bulbous head. His hands were hidden from my view, but I didn't need binoculars to know that they were buried deep inside her snatch.

It seemed natural to follow their lead, and my hands left my straining nipples and headed towards my dripping pussy. Juices flowed down between my pussy lips and glistened in my pubes. I raised one leg onto the low window-sill so that my fingers could penetrate deeper. I played with the hair, teasing myself as the woman was being teased, pushing deeper in and then pulling at the damp tendrils. Then I found my clit and ran my finger over it. My whole body shivered with excitement, but my movements were automatic because my eyes were riveted on the action taking place beyond my bedroom.

Quest: What exactly did you see the couple doing to each other?

Miss N: Their bodies were silhouetted against the window and I could clearly make out the jutting curve of his stiff cock as it nudged up against her. Their mouths were eating hungrily at each other, and he slowly lowered his hands until they were cradling the cheeks of her arse. He felt the smooth contours beneath the flimsy fabric of her cami-knicker, then he swiftly knelt down and ripped them off her. He pushed her back against the filing cabinet and dropped to his knees. When he buried his face in her pussy, her head fell backwards in ecstasy. Her hands pulled at his hair, encouraging his tongue inside her. My fingers were a blur on my clit and I groaned loudly, imagining that his tongue was working its magic on me.



I looked across at them just as she came. I couldn't hear them, but I watched her body shake with excitement and then slowly stiffen. He stepped backwards and the light caught the wetness of her come on his lips. I brought my fingers up to my mouth and tasted the tangy juice, running it over my lips and then licking them.

Quest: Who did you desire more, the man or the woman?

Miss N: I could quite happily have had either of them, or even both. Her legs were spread-eagled and he stood back, leaving her exposed to my eager gaze. I could make out the pink folds of her labia and was just dying to bury my face in them. I've explored the delights of woman to woman sex in the past. I love going down on a beautiful woman almost as much as getting fucked senseless by a man.

Within seconds he was standing in front of her with his back to me. His cock was hidden from view but I could tell from the way her legs clamped round his waist that he had entered her. It was time to give my own love-tunnel a bit of attention and I shoved two fingers inside myself, copying the thrusting motion that was giving her so much pleasure. I pushed my fingers in deeply and moved them in and out. I was practically screaming by that point and was getting to the point where I wouldn't be able to hold back my orgasm much longer. I thrust my fingers roughly in, then flattened my other hand hard against my mound. The pressure against the base of my clit increased the intensity of the sensation building up in my pussy. I came with a great shudder as spasm after spasm wracked my body and nearly knocked me to my knees. I fell back onto my bed, finally oblivious to everything except the feelings coursing through my body. My fingers were sticky with the come that had flooded out of me but I weakly pumped myself with them, drawing out the last moments of pleasure from my body.

Quest: Did you look out of the window again to check if they were still there?

Miss N: Yes, after I'd recovered I looked up. He clasped her to him, her legs wrapped round his body. She slid up and down his cock, utterly abandoned to the moment. I watched in my languid post-come haze as they fucked themselves to a climax, each movement more frenetic than the last. They came together, holding each other hard, almost bent over double. As I drifted off to sleep I wondered whether it was a 'For One Night Only' or if they would be back. I can't wait for the next showing!

n her dripping pussy

laboratory of human response

Quest

Name: Miss J
Age: 22
Town of origin: Glasgow
Other details: This young blonde shop assistant is currently living with her boyfriend and discovering the pleasures of looking and being looked at...

Quest: You say that you have what might be termed an unusual pastime.

Miss J: That's right. I love shaving my pussy, particularly in front of my boyfriend. It's the sexiest feeling I can think of and always leads to a lovely orgasm. I've always kept my blonde bush nice and neat, and the idea of shaving myself quite appealed to me. One night, when I was waiting for James to get home from work, I decided that I would do it as a sexy surprise for him. I dragged a big mirror into the bathroom from our bedroom and rigged it up in the shower so that I could easily see what I was doing. I turned the water on. The mirror misted up instantly but I could still see myself in it as I soaped the generous curves of my boobs, working it into my big brown nipples, and then moved my hands down to my stomach.

"I wanked my achi

Quest: Had you ever watched yourself in the mirror like that before?

Miss J: No, and I must admit I was surprised to find myself getting quite horny as I caught sight of my hands, luxuriously soaping between my legs, reflected in the mirror. The thought that this was how I must look to someone else really excited me. It's not that I'm vain, but your sexual side is usually something that other people see and not you, so I was fascinated.

My fingers slid smoothly down between my still hairy lips, toying with the tight little curls, then penetrating their curtain. I was mesmerised as I watched one long finger slide out of sight, and simultaneously felt it find my clitoris and circle it lazily. I parted my lips so that I could watch myself as I slowly wanked my aching bud, teasing it until I was almost as lathered up as the soap. I could just make out the sensual dark shapes that the soft folds of skin made, like leaves on some exotic plant. The hot water beat against my breasts, exciting my nipples into hard peaks. I took the shower head off its stand and brought it down until the harsh jets came into contact with my clit. The water felt like a thousand little tongues stabbing at me, making me shudder with pure sexual pleasure. A current of pure electricity ran from my nipples to my pulsating clit. I moved the head down a little so that a hot jet of water could penetrate me. Pushing it until it was almost inside, I arched my back and moaned. I imagined the rush of water was a big hot cock, fucking me hard.

Quest: Was it what you were doing, or the sight of it that was so exciting?

Miss J: At that point it was a bit of both; but if it was fun with one it was even better moments later with two. I was just about to come when I heard James' voice behind me. "Need a hand?" he asked. I turned round, flushed, to find him grinning from ear to ear. He stripped off in seconds and reached for me, letting out a soft whistle of appreciation as he saw the reflection of our bodies in the mirror. I have to admit we did look good together, my curvy body against his tanned muscles. His biggest muscle strained hard, pre-come glistening on its dark purple head.

Then James grabbed the shower from me, threw it to one side, bent me over and thrust his cock deep inside me from behind. His hands reached forward and grabbed my tits, rolling my nipples between his finger and thumbs. His balls were slapping up against the cheeks of my arse and our bodies shuddered as we separated and then banged together again. I came violently after only a couple of thrusts, my pussy clamped tight around his cock. He just kept right on shafting me, kneading my tits hard and getting so far into me I could feel the hair round the base of his prick grinding against my arse.

Quest: Were you still enjoying the reflected view in the mirror?

Miss J: The sight of us in the mirror, our bodies heaving and bucking in unison threatened to send me over the edge. James' eyes were closed in concentration and I knew he was about to shoot his load. I felt him tense against me. "Oh, baby!" he groaned as a flood of searing hot spunk splashed against my pussy walls. I shoved back against him as my own climax ripped through me. We collapsed against the tiled wall, exhausted.

Quest: That sounds like quite a night. Did your exploits end there?

Miss J: We took a few minutes to recover then James asked me why I had broug the mirror into the shower with me. I explained that I was planning to shave mys as a surprise for him. "Well don't let me sto you," he said, obviously quite excited by th prospect.

I picked up the bar of soap and began to build it up into a lather, then spread the bu bles over my mound. As I massaged the foa into my pubes I leant back against James so that he could enjoy a full view of what I was doing. I could feel his cock twitching again my back as it began to stiffen again, but I ignored him and concentrated on my task. reached for the razor and slowly drew it do over my pubes. They came away cleanly, le ing my pale skin glowing beneath. "Can I help?" he breathed huskily into my ear, before nibbling the lobe. I nodded and ha ed him the razor.

Quest: Did you think that you were being es cially daring?

Miss J: You're not kidding! Letting some one near your best bits with a sharp blade takes balls! The thing was, it was so erotic, I didn't care. James brought the co blade down and another strip of glistening curls fell away. As his fingers deftly remove my hair the heel of his palm gently massag my shaven mound. My reflection in the mi ror showed my excitement, a soft blush of passion had appeared over my breasts and taut nipples. James' cock nudged me gent as he finished off his ministrations. When last curls dropped away I turned to him an he pulled me up so that I could feel the h of his cock on my newly shaved and very se sitive skin.

"Does that feel nice?" he asked. "Mmm. Fuck me now," I moaned, moving against him so that I could feel his smooth cock-h on my pussy lips. My skin tingled, sending shivers of pleasure through my clit and ma ing my pussy throb with desire. I couldn't stand it any longer so I pulled him inside and sank down on him. The feeling of his coarse hairs against my bare skin drove m wild, and I ground down onto him, rubbi my clit against him until I climaxed noisily He wasn't far behind me, his thick cock exploded deep inside me sending a wave hot come splashing against my pussy walls wasn't just a one off mega-shag though. T one thing about a shaven pussy is that it grows back, but James and I have lots of fu keeping it pruned!

g bud in the mirror"

laboratory of human response

Quest

Name: Mrs C
Age; 28
Town of origin: Cardiff
Other details: This attractive brunette and her husband bought a camcorder to record happy family moments never thinking it would come in so handy...

Quest: Did you realise that family films weren't the only kind you could make?

Mrs C: Call me naive, if you like, but I didn't! Then one night Bob and I were pissed, and I was fooling around doing a strip-tease for him. As I peeled off a black seamed stocking, he picked up the camera and started filming me. I played up to the camera, pouting my lips and thrusting my tits out at him. Bob grinned at me, offering encouraging directions from behind the camera. Not that I needed much encouragement, the outline of his cock getting stiff in his trousers was enough to get me going.

As the camera followed my every move I slowly stripped off until I was naked and dying for a good fuck, then joined Bob on the sofa. "Wait a minute, babe" he ordered, and got up and put the camera on its tripod.

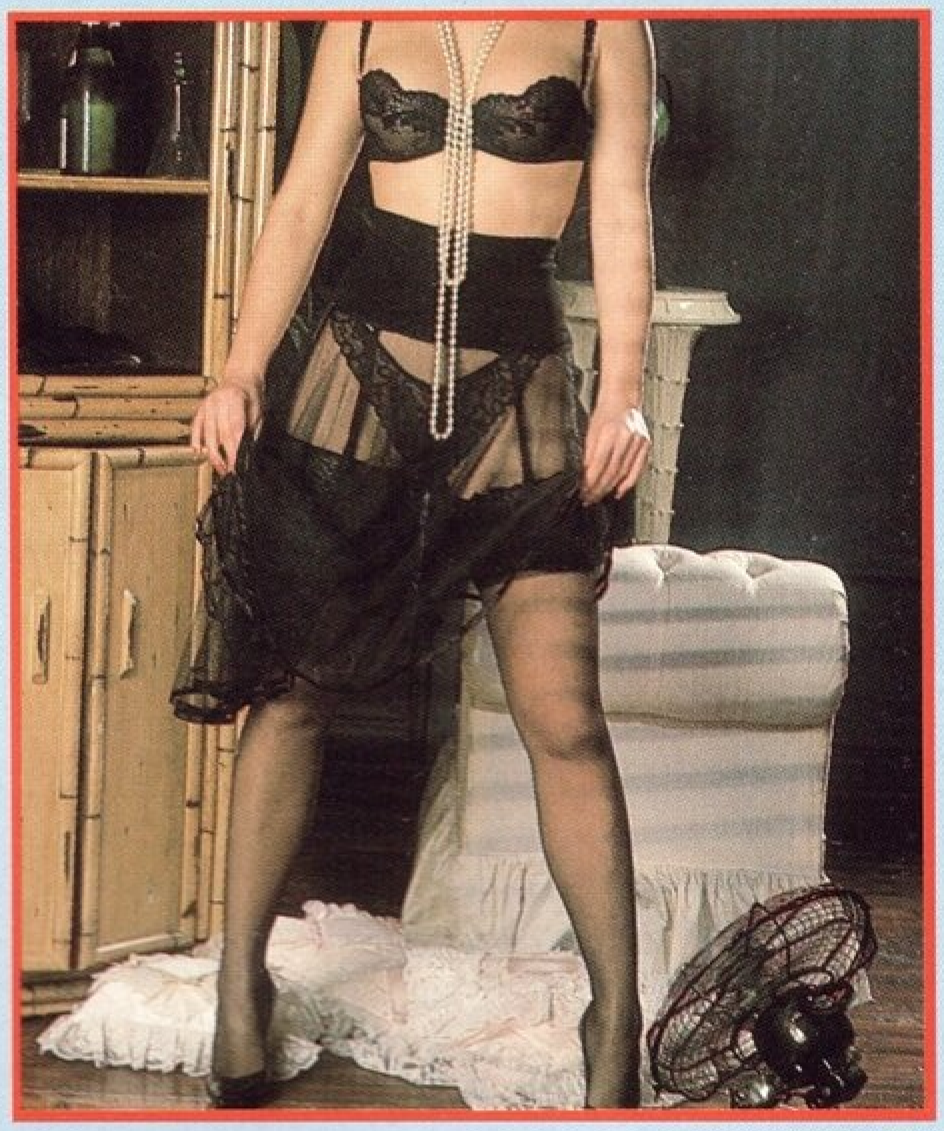
"my tongue ran down

The red light on the camera winked at us as I reached out and undid the buttons on his jeans. His cock sprang out at me and I caught it between my lips, my hands moving automatically to the base of his throbbing shaft. With one hand I massaged his foreskin up and down, watching a small droplet of pre-come ooze out from his bell-end. He moaned and arched his arse towards me, shoving his cock into my willing mouth. As he pushed at me I opened up until I could feel him nudging the back of my throat. The depth of the blow job was really turning him on, and me too. My fanny was soaked, I was that excited.

After a few minutes he tensed and shot a thick wad of hot come down my throat. I swallowed, enjoying the salty tanginess of his spunk as it dribbled out of the corners of my mouth. "Mmm, baby, that tastes sooo good!" I said huskily.

"Now it's your turn," he answered and flipped me neatly over so that I was kneeling up against the back of the sofa with my back to him. His hands reached round my hips and his fingers slid through my dark tangle of pubic hair till they found my tingling clit.

He beat an insistent rhythm, circling the my clit until my back arched involuntarily towards him, leaving my fanny open to his tongue. As his fingers played with my clit his mouth ate hungrily at my love hole; alternately stabbing deep inside me like a small cock, then pulling back to nibble at my pussy lips. Just as I was about to come I pulled away from him and made him get out his stiff cock and shove it up me. He pumped harder and harder. I was almost wild with desire and I writhed on top of him, my nails tearing at his flesh. Screaming out with pleasure, we came together in a frenzy of moans and flailing limbs. All caught for posterity by our own voyeur, the camcorder.



Quest: Did you settle down to watch the film afterwards?

Mrs C: No, I'd completely forgotten it was there. I went up to bed and, as Bob followed me shortly after, I didn't give it a second thought. It wasn't until weeks later that I remembered our first foray into flithy films. Bob and I had arranged to go out for dinner so we'd booked Toby, his 19-year-old apprentice, to come and look after the kids. We made sure they were tucked up in bed before we went and told him that he could watch a video if he wanted. We had a lovely night out together and we staggered back to the house at midnight, totally pissed.

We slipped the key into the lock and tiptoed into the living room, half expecting Toby to be asleep on the sofa. Well, one foot into the room put that straight! Toby was on the couch alright, but he was far from asleep. He was Iying there naked, cradling a massive hard on in both hands.

I stood there, shocked, as my eyes took in the sight of this beautiful young man and his proud cock standing to attention. Then I realised the reason he was so turned on was because he was watching the video of Bob and I fucking!

Quest: Did it embarrass you that he was watching you engaging in sex?

Mrs C: No, the thought that we had turned him on sent a lightning bolt of desire snaking down into the pit of my stomach. Bob was grinning behind me, a wicked look spreading across his face. He nudged me in the ribs and motioned for me to make our presence known. "So, Toby," I said. "What have we got here, then?"

Toby spun round, startled, and tried to grab his clothes up from the floor and cover himself. He started to stammer out an apology but I silenced him with a swift kiss on the lips. He couldn't believe his luck as my tongue probed between his lips and darted into his mouth. My hand reached down and grabbed his massive hard on. He looked up at Bob and, when he nodded his approval, Toby reached beneath my dress and grabbed my bare arse. Within seconds the dress was over my head and his mouth was tugging at the flimsy lace of my bra.

Bob picked up the camera and set it back on its stand, pressing the 'play' button before coming to join us on the sofa. I positioned Toby on the arm of one side as Bob came up behind me. I slowly kissed down the young man's smooth chest, nibbling at his nipples until his eyes closed with anticipation. Then I kissed my way down his flat, hard stomach. He moaned loudly when my lips settled finally over the glistening tip of his cock, and my tongue probed its length and ran down the ridges of his shaft. Bob's hands were working overtime on tits by now, pulling and tugging at my huge, hard nipples and kneading them from behind.

I bent over so that I could take Toby's prick down into my mouth, leaving my arse and pussy exposed to Bob's willing tongue. As my mouth sucked Toby off, Bob mirrored every action on my throbbing cunt. "Fuck me!" I screamed as Toby came, sending gallons of hot spunk over my tits. I watched delighted as the sticky goo dribbled down between them. "Lick it off!" I ordered wickedly. He did as he was told. As he licked the droplets off my stiff nipples his cock began to harden again. Bob's tongue was still sucking hard at my pussy; I knew I needed a real good shagging, and wanted to feel prime cock deep inside me.

I turned round and impaled myself on Toby, riding his thick cock for all I was worth. His hands reached forward and cradled my jiggling tits as he pounded my pussy walls towards a mega climax. Bob smiled as my mouth came tantalisingly close to his erection. I grabbed it and stuffed his hard cock into my mouth, sucking eagerly in time to Toby's massive thrusts up my pussy. We moved like a fucking machine towards a mutual earth shattering. climax. I screamed out, praying for the orgasm never to end.

Bob and I have planned to have another naughty night with Toby soon. It'll probably be something quiet, like a night watching ourselves perfoeming on telly.

the ridges of his shaft'

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page three exclusive!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEOFF HOWES

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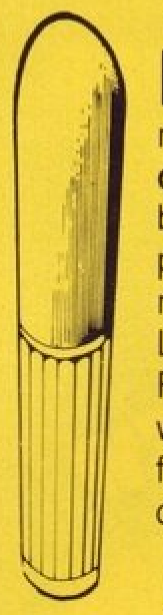

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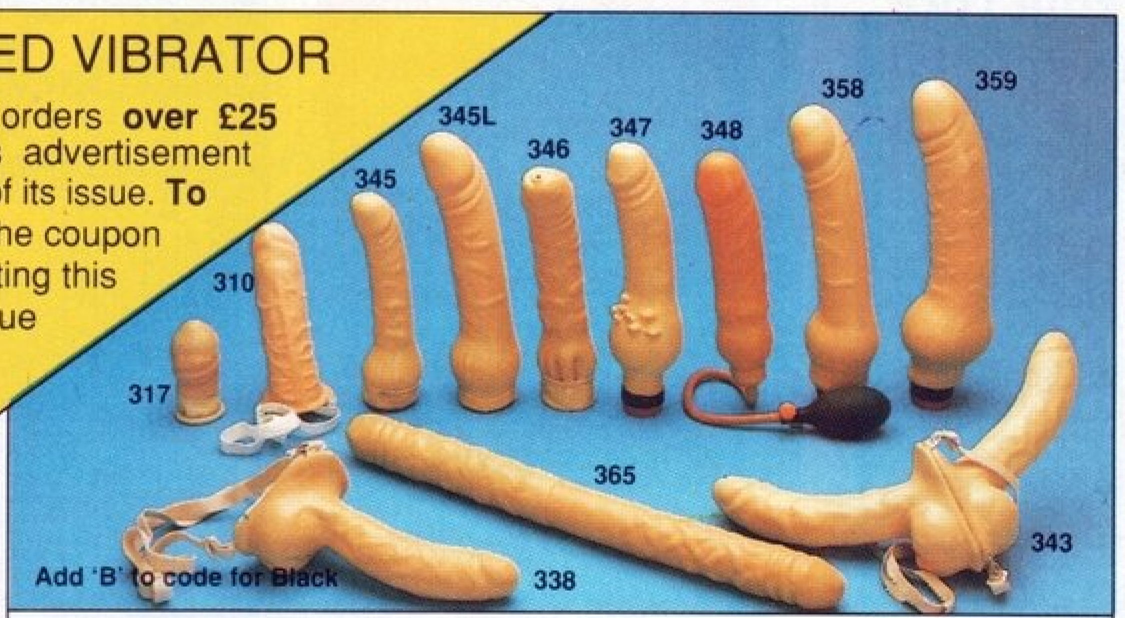

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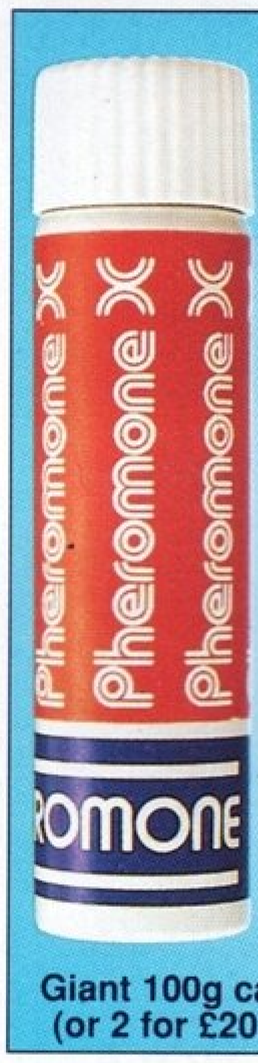

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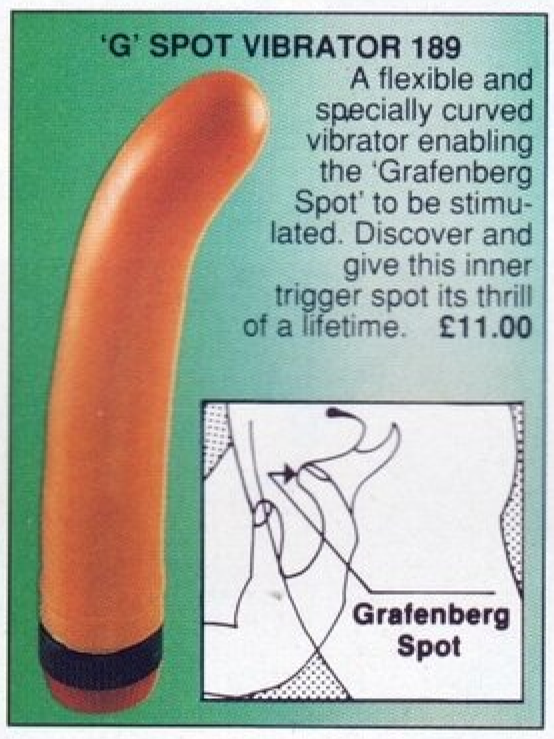

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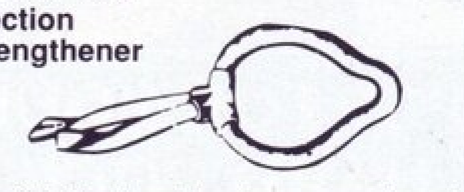

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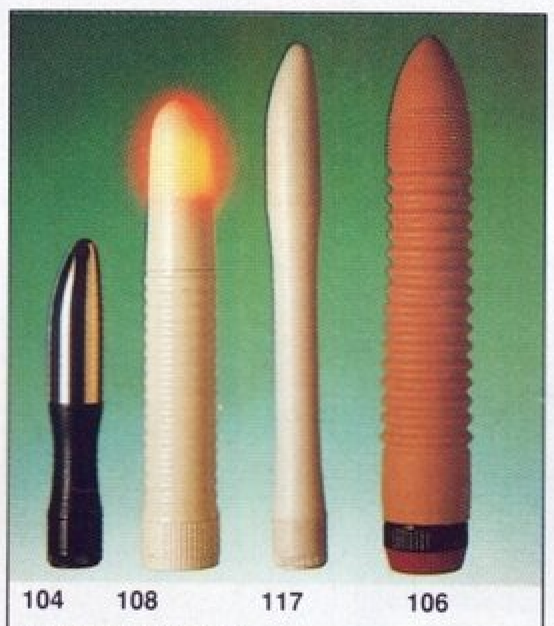

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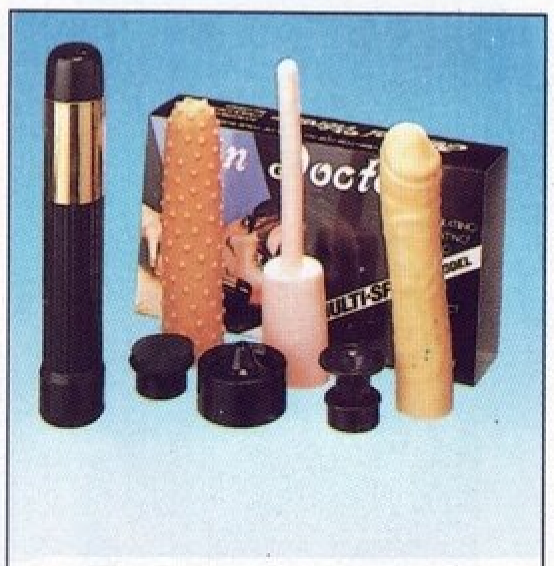

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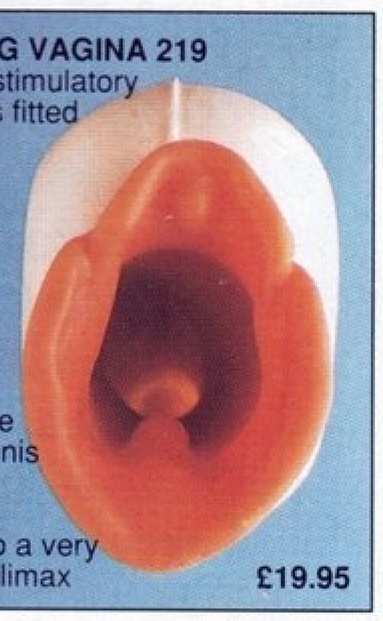

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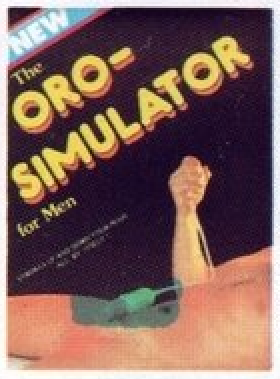

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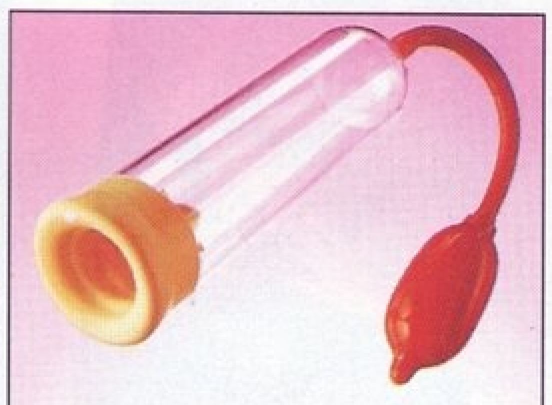

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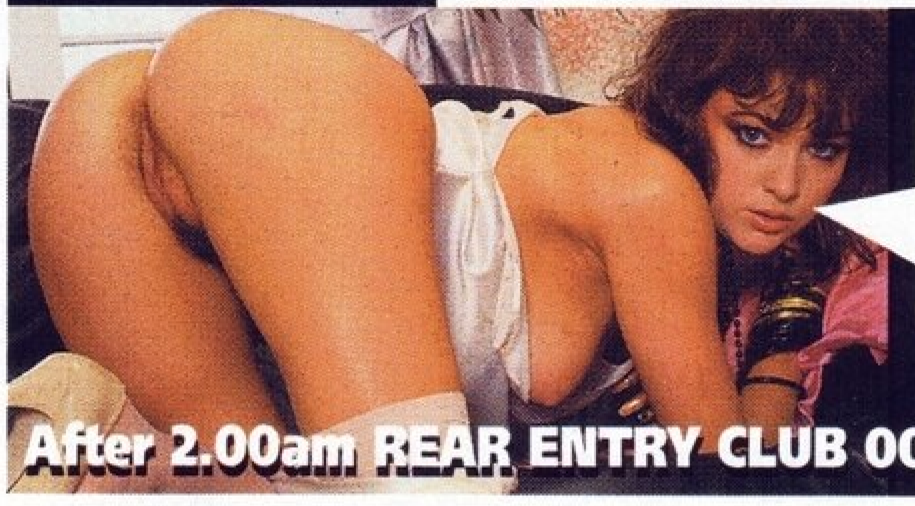

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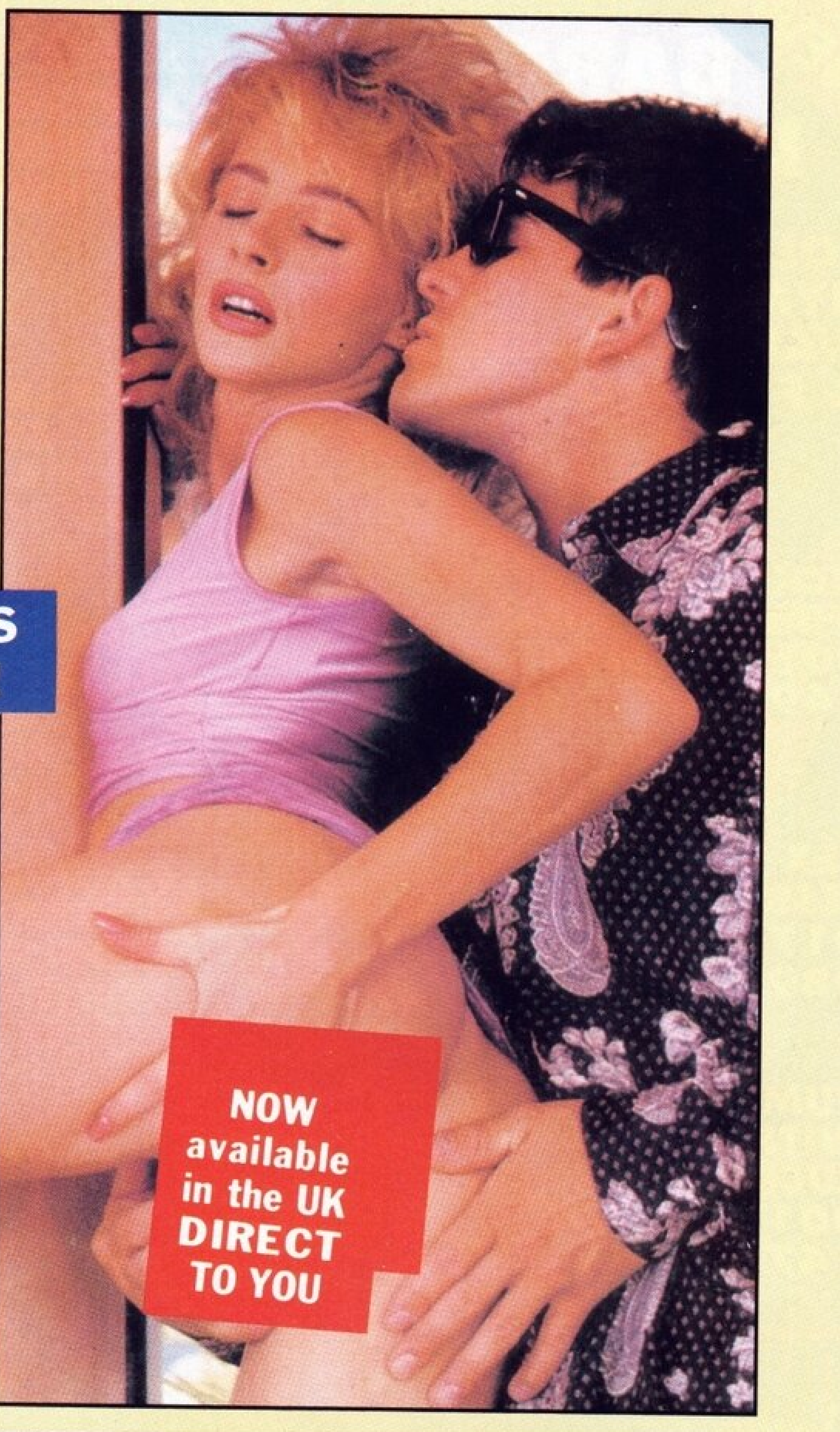

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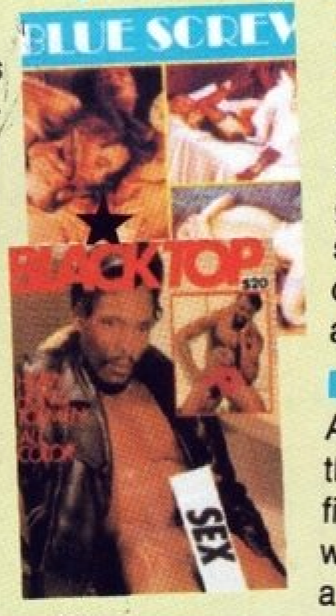

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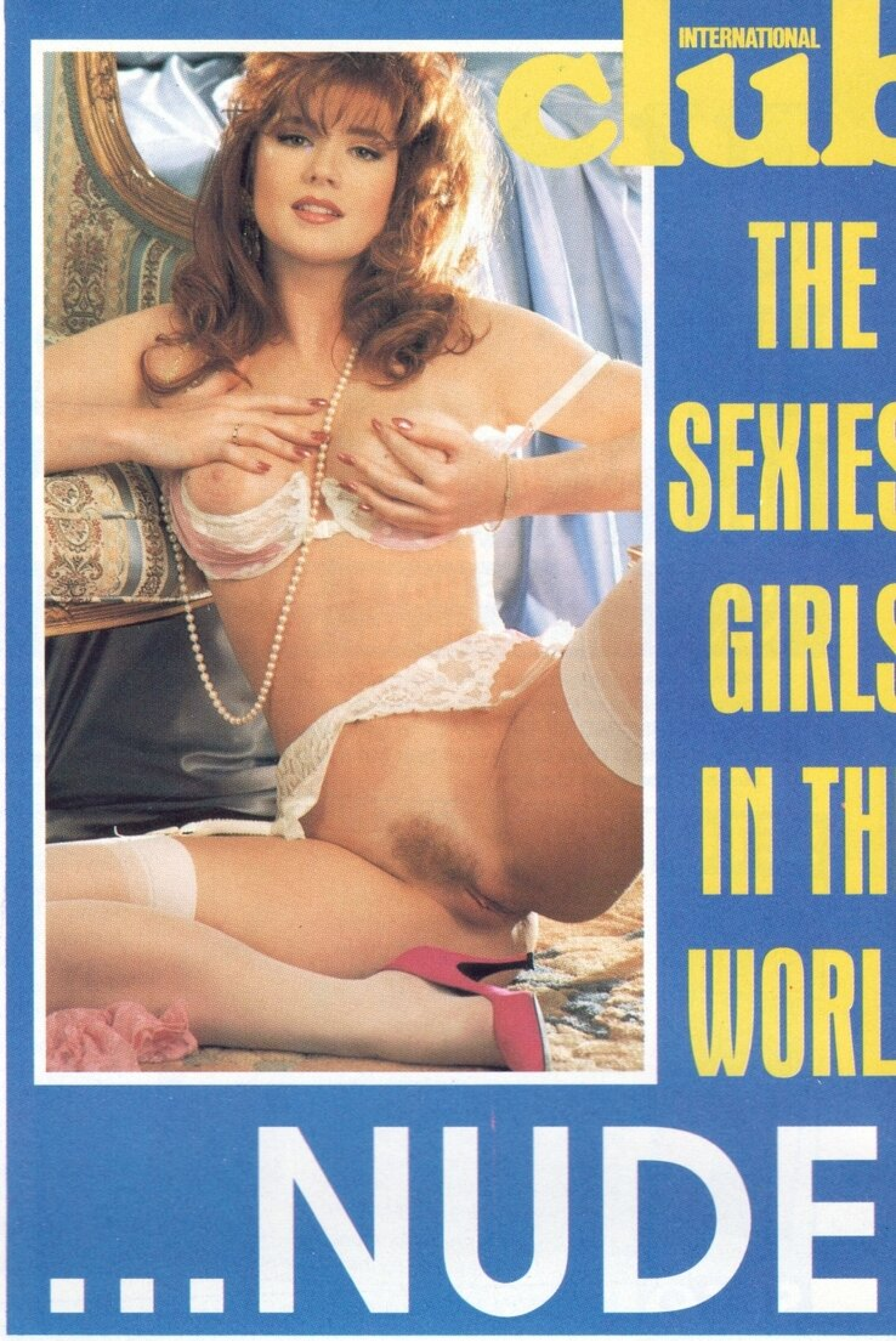
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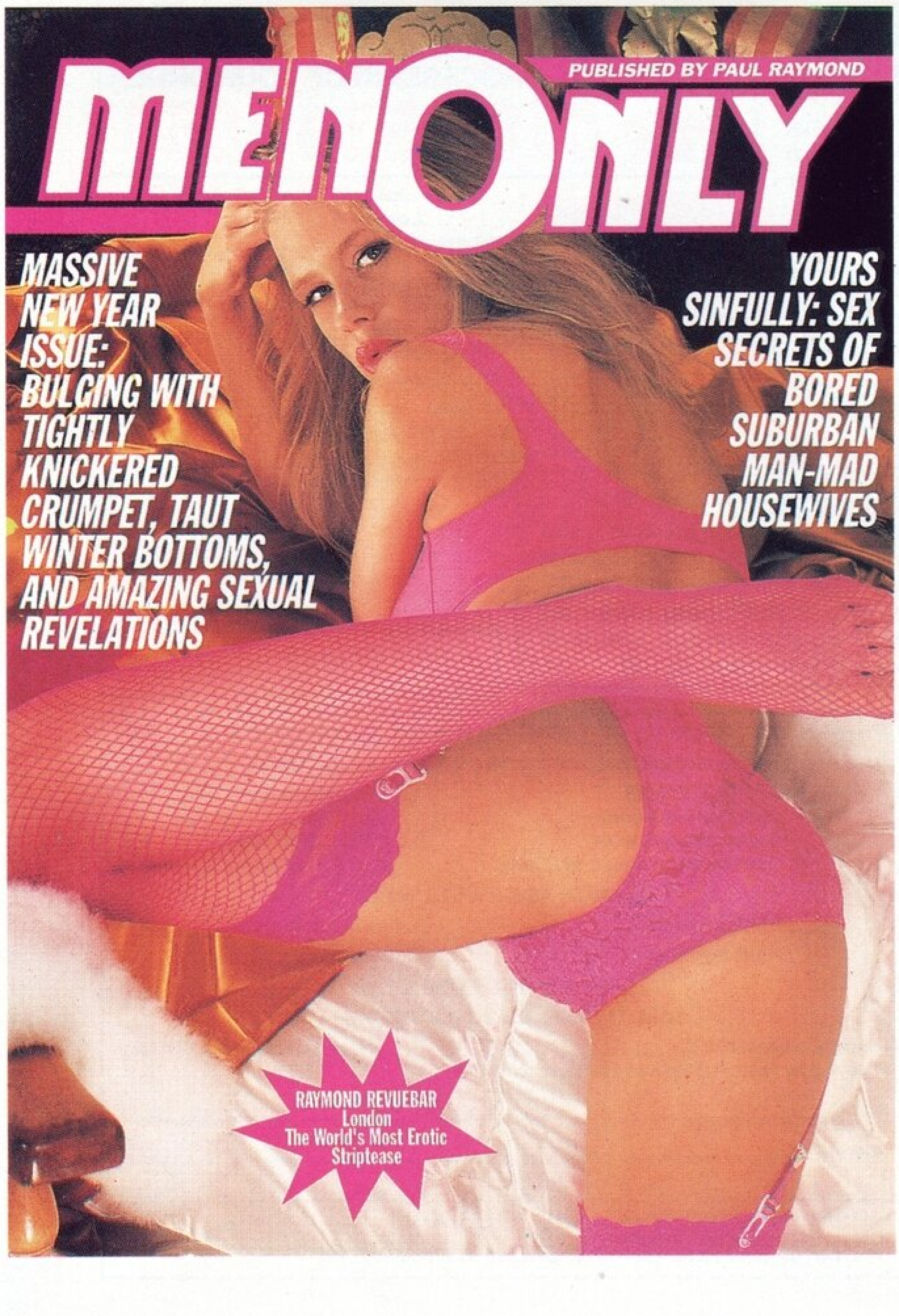
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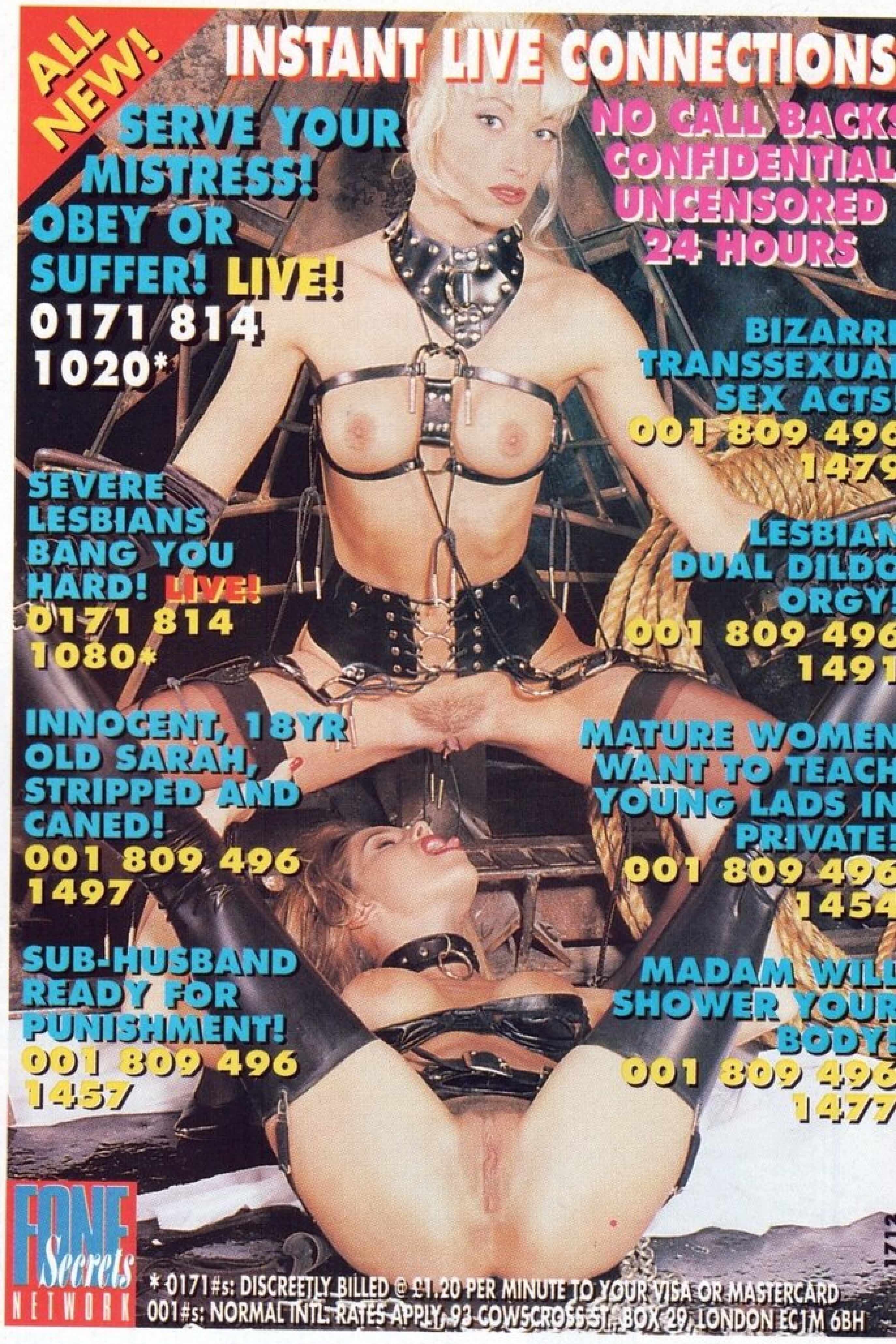
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1712

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GIRLFRIEND
DOGGY STYLE,
THEN SPURT IN
MY FACE! LIVE!
0171 814
0890*

NO CALL BACKS
CONFIDENTIAL
UNCENSORED
24 HOURS

2 NAUGHTY NURSES
DILDOING
EACH OTHER!
001 809 496
1425

TIE US,
SPANK US,
SHAFT US!
001 809 496
1432

NO STRAIGHTS!
HARD S&M LIVE!
0171 814
0897*

SECRETARY
LICKING
YOUR WIFE'S CLIT
WHILE YOU WATCH!
001 809 496
1433

EXPLORE THE
OTHER SIDE!
LIVE BI-SEXUAL AND
GAY FANTASIES!
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1434

18YR OLD TWINS
MASTURBATE
EACH OTHER!
001 809 496
1439

1641

FONE Secrets NETWORK

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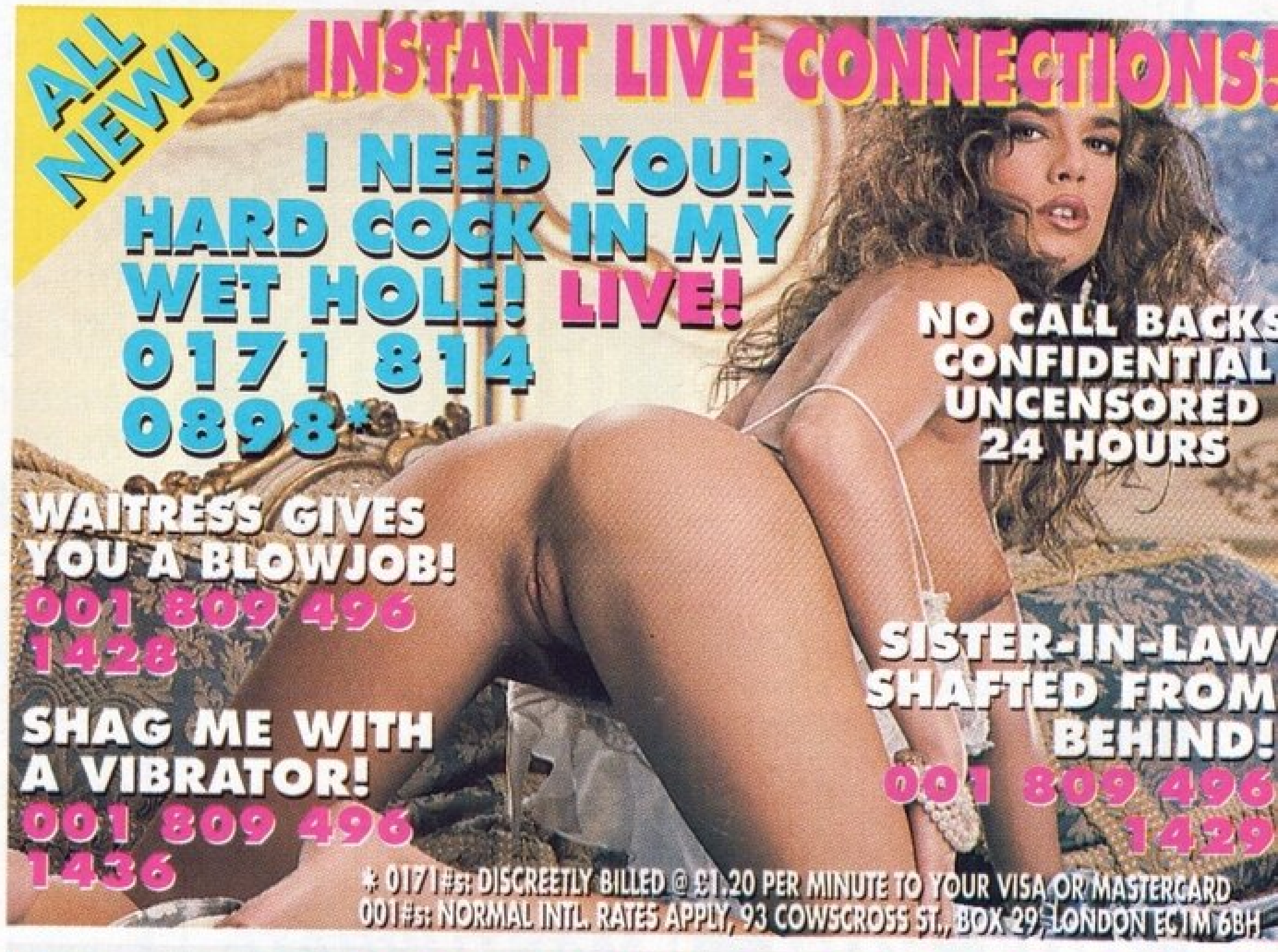
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INSTANT LIVE CONNECTIONS!

I NEED YOUR
HARD COCK IN MY
WET HOLE! LIVE!
0171 814
0898*

NO CALL BACKS
CONFIDENTIAL
UNCENSORED
24 HOURS

WAITRESS GIVES
YOU A BLOWJOB!
001 809 496
1428

SHAG ME WITH
A VIBRATOR!
001 809 496
1436

SISTER-IN-LAW
SHAFTED FROM
BEHIND!
001 809 496
1429

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★ BETTER THAN CALL BACK
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★ STRICTLY AUTOMATED ★

We know you have been looking for the hottest, sexiest, most titillating adult phone entertainment in the UK and now you've found it. The biggest variety, the most erotic fantasies, and by far, the most exciting, uninhibited, sexy and satisfying women anywhere. Fone Secrets fulfills all your needs in total and absolute privacy. That's right, no advanced sign-up, no one asking questions, and no one calling back. Just pure, uninterrupted, uncensored, pleasure, 24 hours a day. We offer a variety of pricing options discreetly billed to your MasterCard or Visa. And all in total anonymity. So call now, we're waiting and remember... it's our little secret.

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★TOTAL PRIVACY ★ DIRECT ACCESS
★BILLED PER MINUTE TO VISA OR MASTERCARD
★BETTER THAN CALL BACK
★TOUCH TONE OR VOICE RECOGNITION
★STRICTLY AUTOMATED

We know you have been looking for the hottest, sexiest, most titillating adult phone entertainment in the UK and now you have found it. The biggest variety, the most erotic fantasies, and by far the most exciting, uninhibited sexy and satisfying women anywhere. Fone Secrets fulfills all your needs in total and absolute privacy. That's right, no advanced sign-up, no one asking questions, and no one calling back. Just pure, uninterrupted, uncensored, pleasure, 24 hours a day. We offer a variety of pricing options discreetly billed to your MasterCard or Visa. And all in total anonymity. So call now, we're waiting and remember... it's our little secret.

0171 814 1000*

0171 numbers: DISCREETLY BILLED AT £1.20 PER MINUTE TO YOUR VISA OR MASTERCARD

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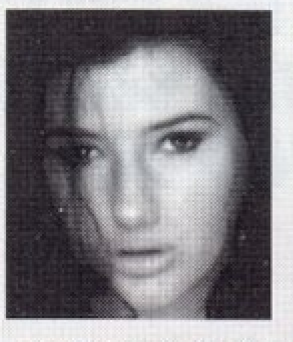
60 SECONDS

OF PURE, UNCUT HARDCORE FILTH, INCLUDES GIRLS USING WORDS LIKE COCK, WANK, C*NT AND F*CK. ABSOLUTELY NOTHING CUT OUT AND NOTHING LEFT TO THE IMAGINATION.

001-809-496-1550



DIRTY FILTHY F*CK TALK. NO LONG INTROS.

30 SECOND JERK-OFF!

001-809-496-1559

INSTANT RELIEF

DICK STIFFENING ACTION!

Filthy 2 Minute Handjob

001-809-496-1565

SPUNK OVER ME IN 60 SECONDS

INSTANT RELIEF

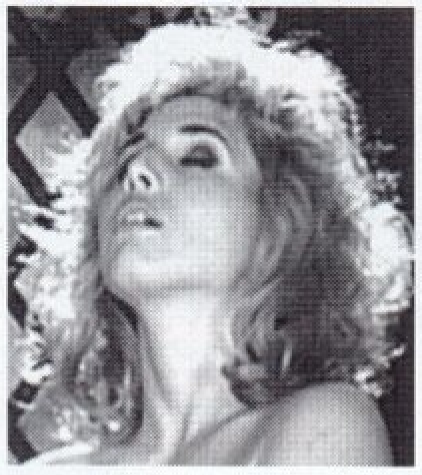
No Boring Intros! 100% Guaranteed

001-809-496-1551

SPUNK OVER MY FACE

This filthy tart loves it. 1 min.

001-809-496-1562



HEAR ME PANTING AND MOANING AS I WANK MY CLIT!

001-809-496-1554

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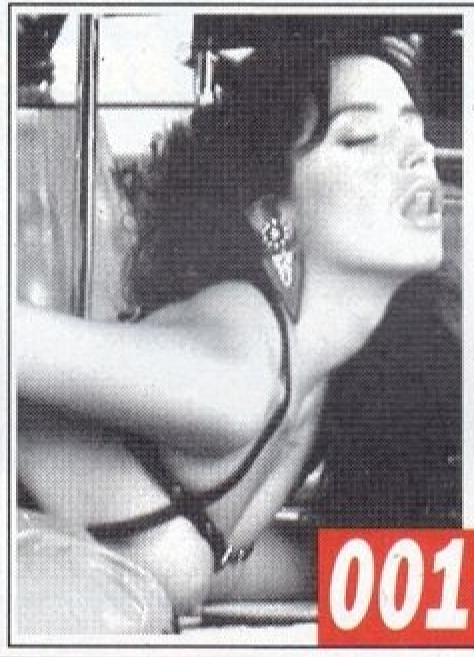
1 MIN

Blow Job - F*ck My Expert Mouth

001-809-496-1552

RAM YOUR COCK UP MY C*NT!

001-809-496-1575



30-SECOND JERK-OFF

Wank your cock to hardcore, dirty, kinky phone filth. Girls who like it up their holes!!!

001-809-496-1560

INSTANT QUICKIE RELIEF

Use Me For A Wank Then Hang Up On Me!
001-809-496-1556

Wank Till You Spunk Over My C*nt!
001-809-496-1563

30 Seconds Of Pure Uncut Sex Talk!
001-809-496-1555

Oral Sex - Cum In My Pouting Mouth!
001-809-496-1561

Instant Relief Cum In 40 Seconds!
001-809-496-1553

40-SECOND GROUP WANK

WATCH, WANK, SPUNK

001-809-496-1570

ORAL SEX - UNLOAD IN MY MOUTH!

001-809-496-1558

Unload In 30 Seconds!!!!

001-809-496-1564

---

1 TO 1 WANK AND F*CK TALK

001-809-496-1574

HEAR ME WANK MY CLIT!

001-809-496-1567

---

*Finger My C*nt And Then Use Me!*

JERK YOURSELF OFF WHILE I MASTURBATE

001-809-496-1557

60-SECOND JERK-OFF LINES

✶ The Hardest Sex Talk In The UK ✶

Our girls are sordid, filthy tarts. They will use words like prick, knob, wank, c*nt and f*ck until you've spunked all over your hand.

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THE REAL THING!

UNCENSORED LIVE F*CK TALK

001-809-496-1573

LESBIANS F*CKING

INSTANT RELIEF CALL NOW ON

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001 NUMBERS NORMAL INTNL RATES APPLY;
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---

60 SECOND FULL BLAST ACTION

I WILL TALK DIRTY UNTIL YOU SHOOT YOUR LOAD

001-809-496-1571

F*CK ME - STRAIGHT INTO SEX!

001-809-496-1568

MOUTH RELIEF

I'LL MAKE YOU CLIMAX!

001-809-496-1572

ORAL ORGASM - Suck, Spunk & Swallow
001 809 4961 212
"I KNOW YOUR CUM IS BOILING INSIDE YOUR BALLS. CALL ME, AND SHOOT YOUR HOT LOAD INSIDE ME"

SISTERS SUCK YOUR BALLS & COCK
001 809 4961 213
HEAR ME FRIG MY SOAKING FANNY
001 809 4961 214
NURSE / DOCTOR / NYMPHO - 3 WAY SEX
001 809 4961 215
SPUNK UP MY DRIPPING FANNY
001 809 4961 216

PORNO HOUSEWIVES WANT YOUR SPUNK
001 809 4961 226

VIRGIN TAKES 8" COCK
001 809 4961 219
2 Fingers & Your Cock Up Me
001 809 4961 220
Thick Cock Up Shaven Vagina
001 809 4961 221
On My Knees-Please Pump Me
001 809 4961 222
Rigid Cock Up My Hole
001 809 4961 223

STICK YOUR COCK UP MY WET C**T
001 809 4961 211

Lift my skirt & part my cheeks
001 809 4961 224

Shag my sister
and cum on her face
001 809 4961 218

TONGUE MY SLIT-
I'LL SUCK YOUR
BALLS
001 809 4961 225

GAY-three meaty cocks 001 809 4961 280
Shagged while hubby wanks
001 809 4961 217
GAY BOY TAKES BIG PENIS 001 809 4961 281

CALLS ARE CHARGED AT 79P PER MINUTE AT ALL TIMES. OTHER SERVICES MAY BE INITIALLY PROMOTED FOR YOUR PLEASURE. SORDIK Postbus 1069 AMSTERDAM

SHAFT MY TIGHT WET JUICY FANNY
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I'M CLAD IN RUBBER & LEATHER AND I WANT YOUR COCK
00 592 249 057
I'LL SUCK YOUR THICK MEAT AND SWALLOW YOUR SPUNK
00 592 249 019
LET ME TIT WANK YOUR THROBBING COCK
00 592 249 012
F**K ME GOOD FROM BEHIND
00 592 249 017
WANK WHILE I SPANK YOUR ARSE
00 592 249 041
I'LL SHOWER YOUR FACE AND BODY
00 592 249 064

I'll Talk Dirty And Dildo Myself While You Wank
00 592 249 010

LICK MY RING PIECE
00 592 249 049
I'LL SPRAY YOU WITH MY P**S
00 592 249 066
SHOVE IT UP ME AND SHOOT INSIDE
00 592 249 013

SMELL, THEN WEAR MY KNICKERS
00 592 249 025
F**K MY MOUTH
00 592 249 060

Readers EXPLICIT SEX Recordings
00 592 249 031

30 SECOND EJACULATION
00 592 249 015

DREAM P.O. BOX 1823. N18. Calls cost 42p per 30 secs. cheap rate. 52p per 30 secs. at all other times. Calls Terminate in Guyana.

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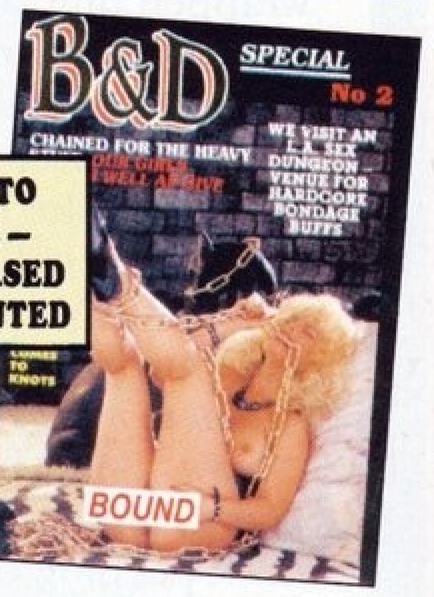

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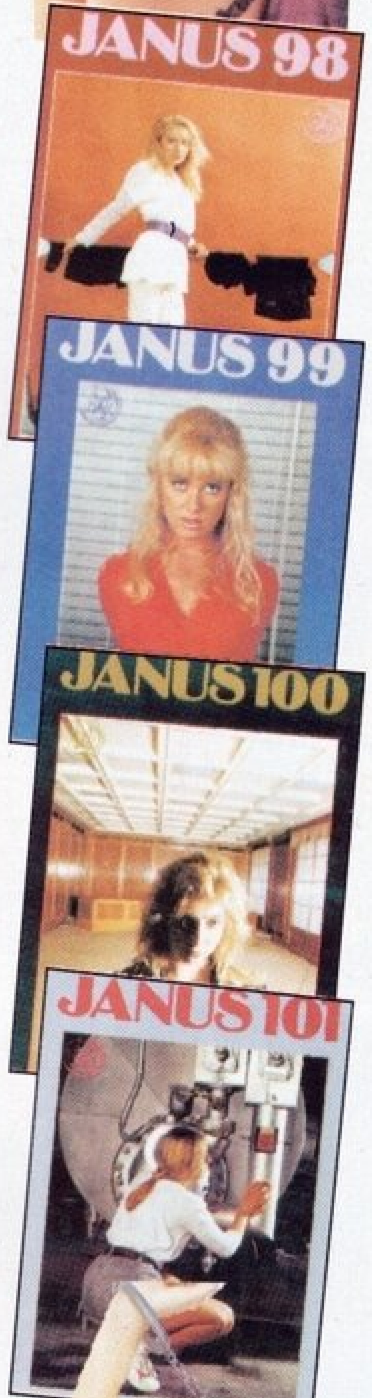

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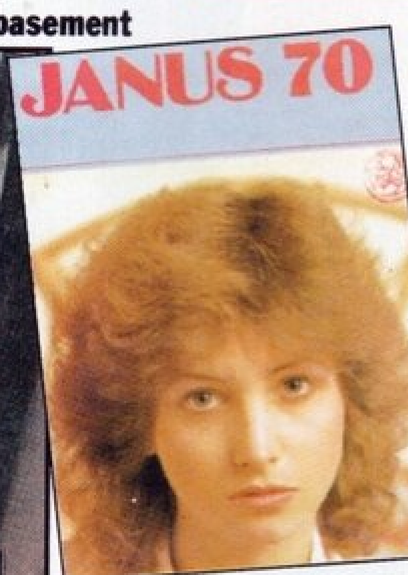

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Letters

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

greeted by a cheerful lady wrapped only in a bath towel. Judy, who is aged 26, has a wonderful pair of 40DDs which were fighting to free themselves from the towel. She invited me in and offered me coffee which I duly accepted. We went through to the lounge and I sat down opposite her.

Now, at this point, I was startled to notice a neat little blonde bush peeping out from underneath Judy's towel. My eyes must have lit up, along with my trouser snake, as Judy commented on how uncomfortable I looked in my jacket and offered to relieve me of it. This she did. We took up our places again and continued to chat as before. I was feeling more and more horny and uncomfortable, which was noticed by my host who said, "I never really thanked you properly for getting me off the charge."

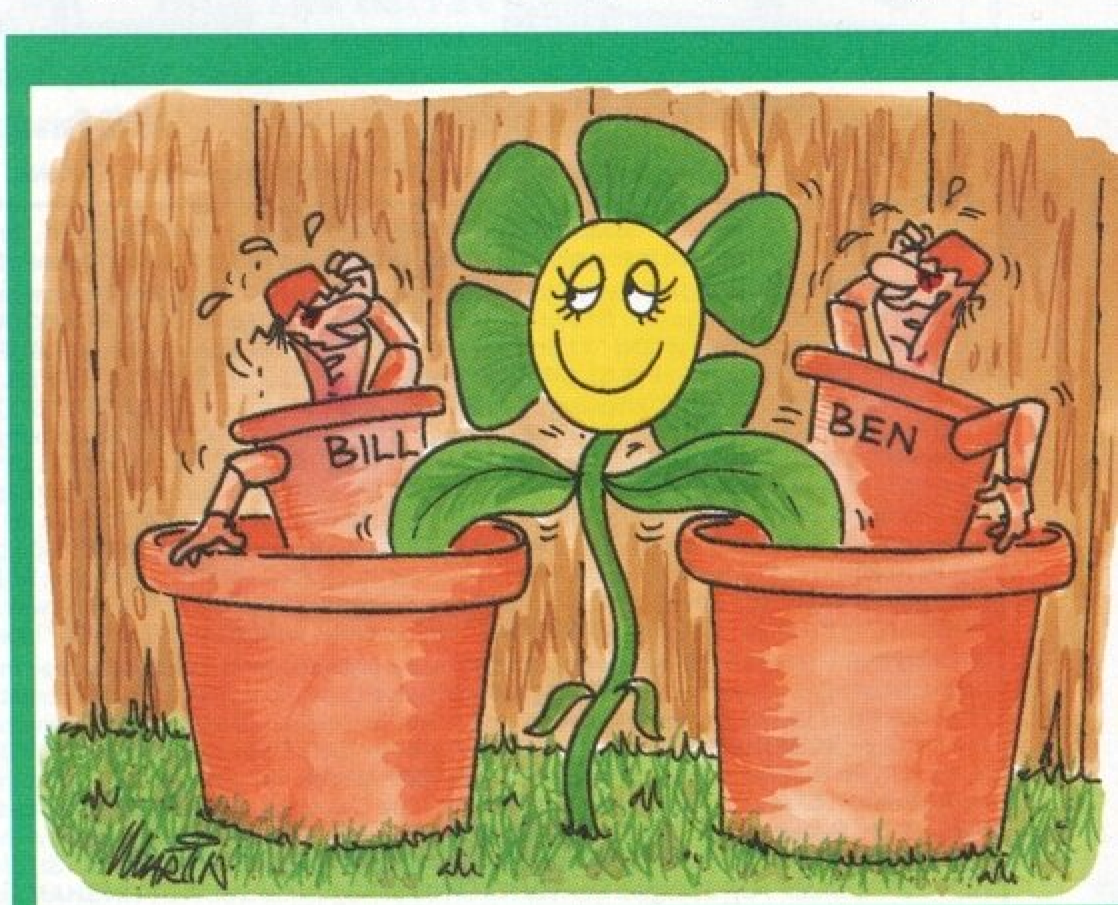
I was most surprised to see her get down on all fours and crawl across the lounge floor in my direction, with her massive cleavage more on view than ever before. Then, as she reached me, she knelt on her knees and let the towel fall to the floor, revealing a wonderful pair of tits. They were bigger than any I had ever seen before. I began to tremble as I have never been in a position like this in 15 years of marriage. However, I can safely say that I was extremely excited by this lady's behaviour.

Then Judy reached for my belt and unbuckled it, unzipped my flies and released my prick from its cage. It sprung out harder than had ever experienced before, and Judy (without so much as a word) wrapped her lips around and sucked for all she was worth Only once did she come up for air to say, "I am really grateful, and so are you by the feel of this." And indeed I was!

As she resumed her sucking I made my first grope of those tits.

They sagged slightly (an inevitable cons quence of having three children) but were both huge and swaying. Withi a few seconds I spurted my load into her throa with a little dribbling down ont her lovely tits. She was like a frenzied animal, sucking me wi great concentration, and I was truly in heaven.

Then she released my cock a continued to lick my come off her tits before ripping my trousers off, getting down on al fours, and presenting me with



OOOH, FLOB-A-LOB-ADOB-A-LOB…!

her ripe behind. I slid my prick inside her and gave her a long hard fuck, for which she moaned in appreciation. With one last thrust we came together some 20 minutes later.

All this time my Sergeant kept calling me on my radio, but of course I was in no position to answer. He sounded increasingly cross that I had not replied, so I reluctantly prepared to resume my patrol. Before I left Judy kindly treated me to my first tit wank. It was wonderful to see my come spurt all over her massive, heaving tits.

Since this encounter I have visited Judy several times, unfortunately sex has never reared its head again. However, I have got quite a taste for sex on the beat, having managed to gain other grateful customers. So you could say that my work truly addresses the intimate concerns of the local community. – Daniel, Yorkshire

TUPPENCE LICKER

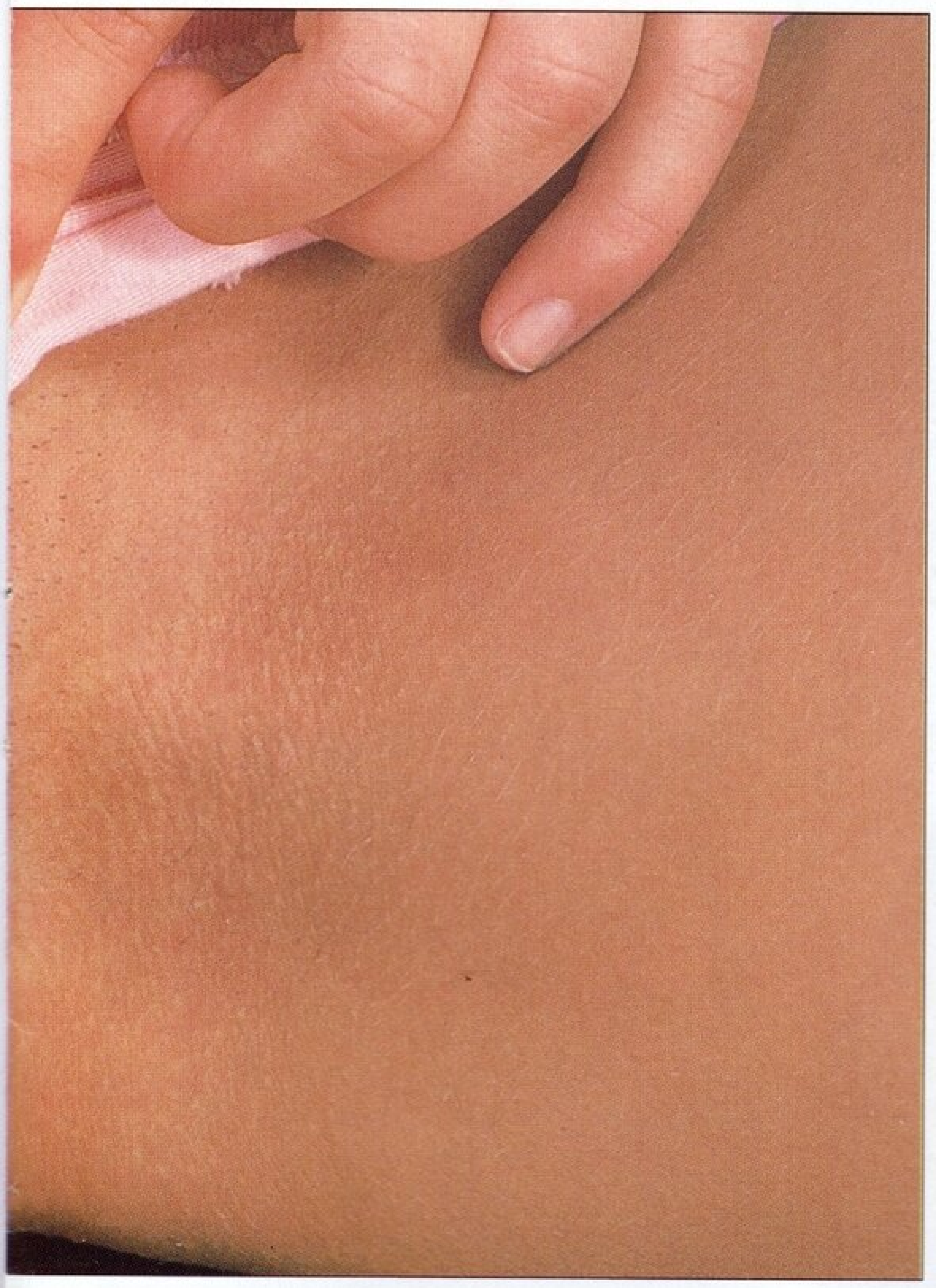
Like most horny young lads, I find seeing my relatives a crashing bore. Then my second cousin, Penny, came to stay and really livened things up especially in my trousers.

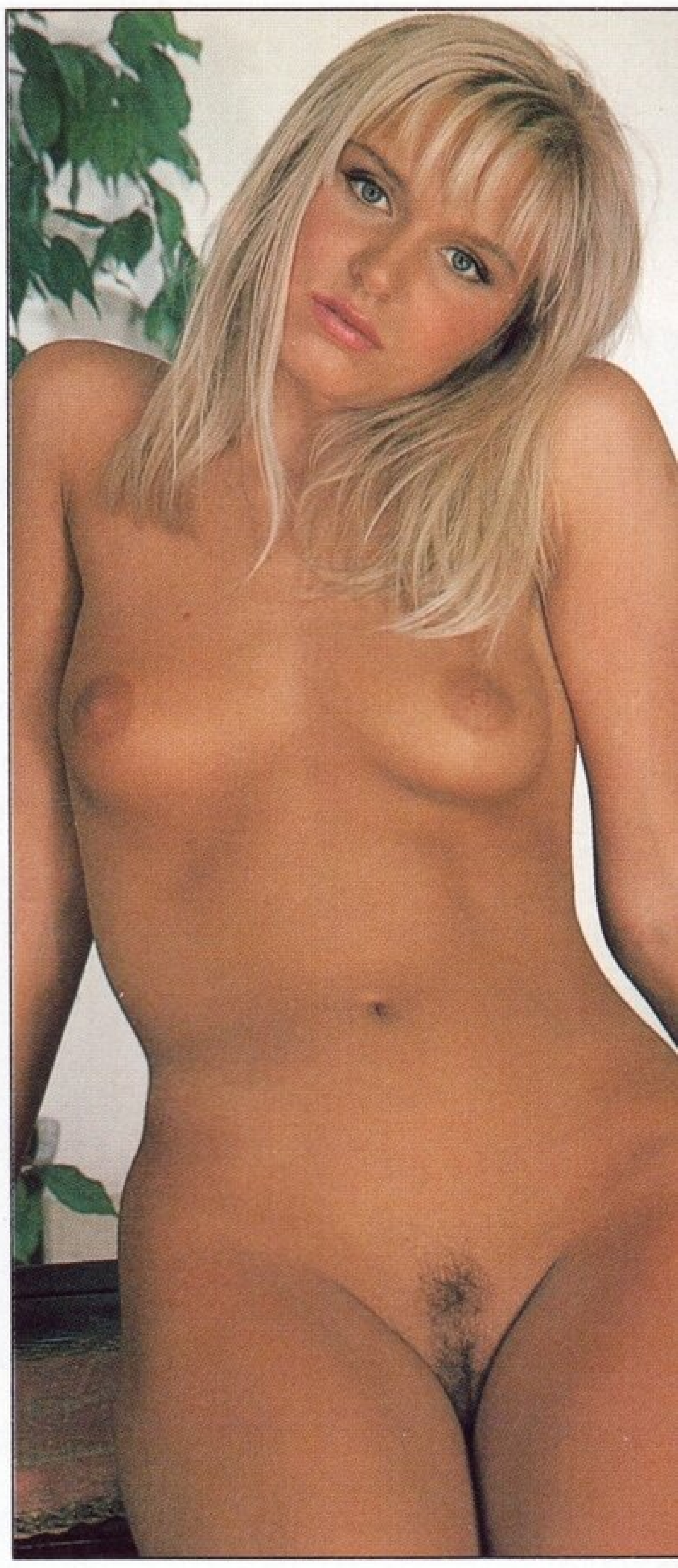
Penny is a sun-tanned Aussie with the kind of boobs that seem to scream out "squeeze me". She came to stay for a few weeks, trying to find a job, so I showed her round town to help her settle in. One night we staggered back from a drunken pub-crawl. I was dying to give her a good shag but she resisted my charm, and we trooped off to separate beds. In the middle of the night I woke up with a splitting headache, and stumbled to the bathroom to find some painkillers.

Opening the bathroom door I realised two things. Firstly, it wasn't the bathroom it was Penny's bedroom, secondly she was lying on the bedclothes furiously fingering herself. As my

CONTINUED ON PAGE 98

Calling your beautiful blonde daughter Cindy Ella is no joke at this time of the year, and this particular belle of the ball would rather people forgot her middle name. However, there are similarities. Twenty-year-old Cindy has two older sisters, both married (though far from ugly), whilst she has yet to find her handsome prince. It's not for lack of offers. "I meet plenty of men," sulks the Barnstaple beauty, "but they're all such yokels, I want a slick guy. I make love very passionately – hot, steamy sessions anywhere I feel like it. And If I met Prince Charming at a ball, I'd leave a lot more than my shoe behind!"





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YOU CAN LICK AMY BUT YOU CAN'T LICK MAYFAIR!

My, my! You are in for a treat next month. Eighteen-year-old Amy here is a geography student with a cheeky smile and the sort of boobs you'd want as your one luxury on Desert Island Discs. Look out for them in next month's *Mayfair*.

VOLUME 30 NUMBER 2
ON SALE 9TH FEBRUARY

Letters

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93

cock rose to give Penny a standing ovation. She opened her eyes and stifled a cry. "You'd better give me a hand," she gasped.

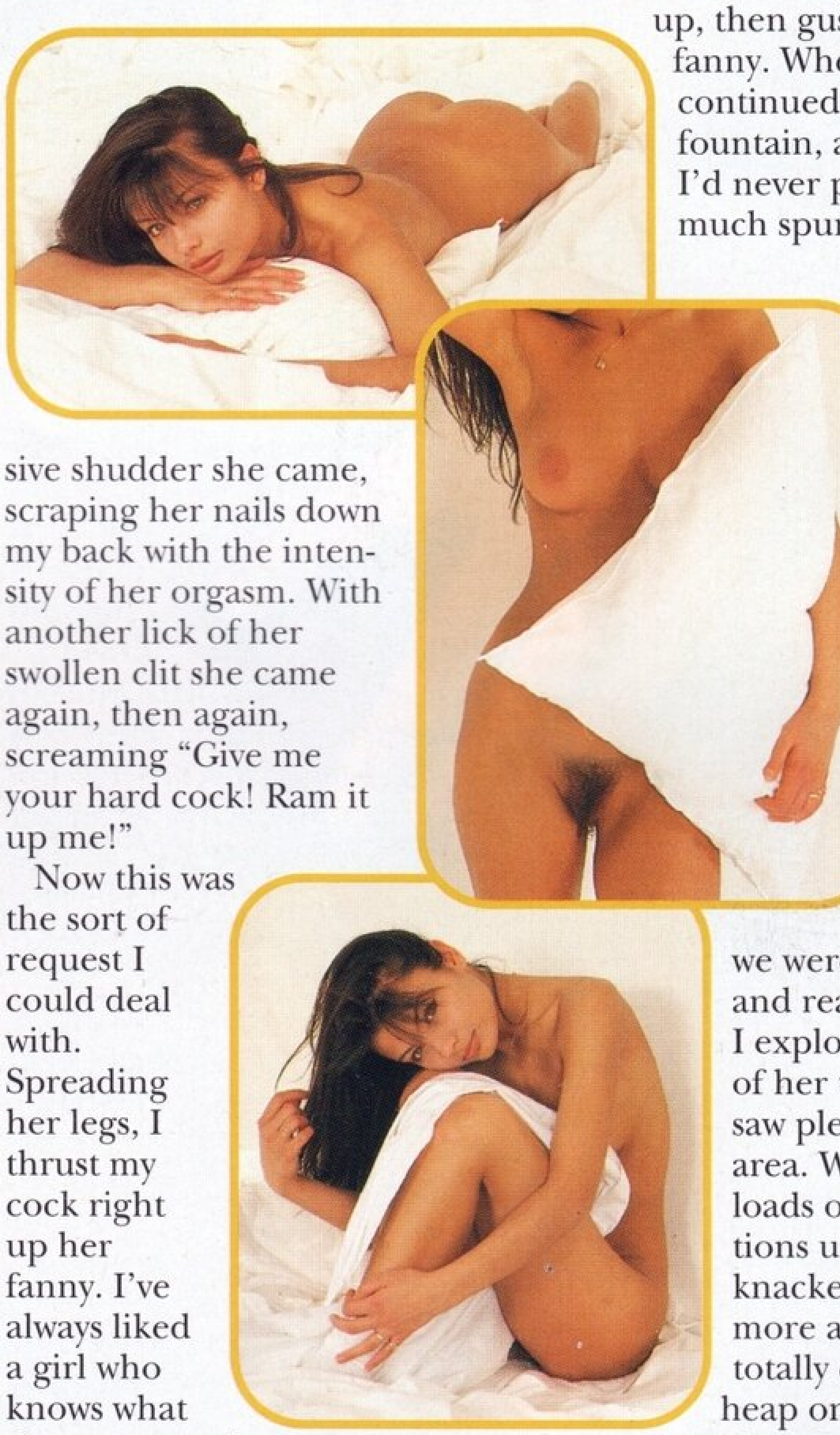
Well, her wish was my command and I got down and fingered her pussy lips while licking at her wet hole. She arched her hips up into my face and I licked harder. This girl from down under certainly liked attention down under herself! With a massive shudder she came, scraping her nails down my back with the intensity of her orgasm. With another lick of her swollen clit she came again, then again, screaming "Give me your hard cock! Ram it up me!"

Now this was the sort of request I could deal with. Spreading her legs, I thrust my cock right up her fanny. I've always liked a girl who knows what she wants, and Penny wanted horny sex and plenty of it. She screamed in delight at the way my cock stretched her fanny walls almost to the limit. As I started to knead her bum she screamed "Harder!" I pulled my cock out of her pus before slamming into her as hard as I could. With a massive thrust up her fanny she screamed out and came. The orgasm ripped through her body, and she rode my cock for all she was worth.

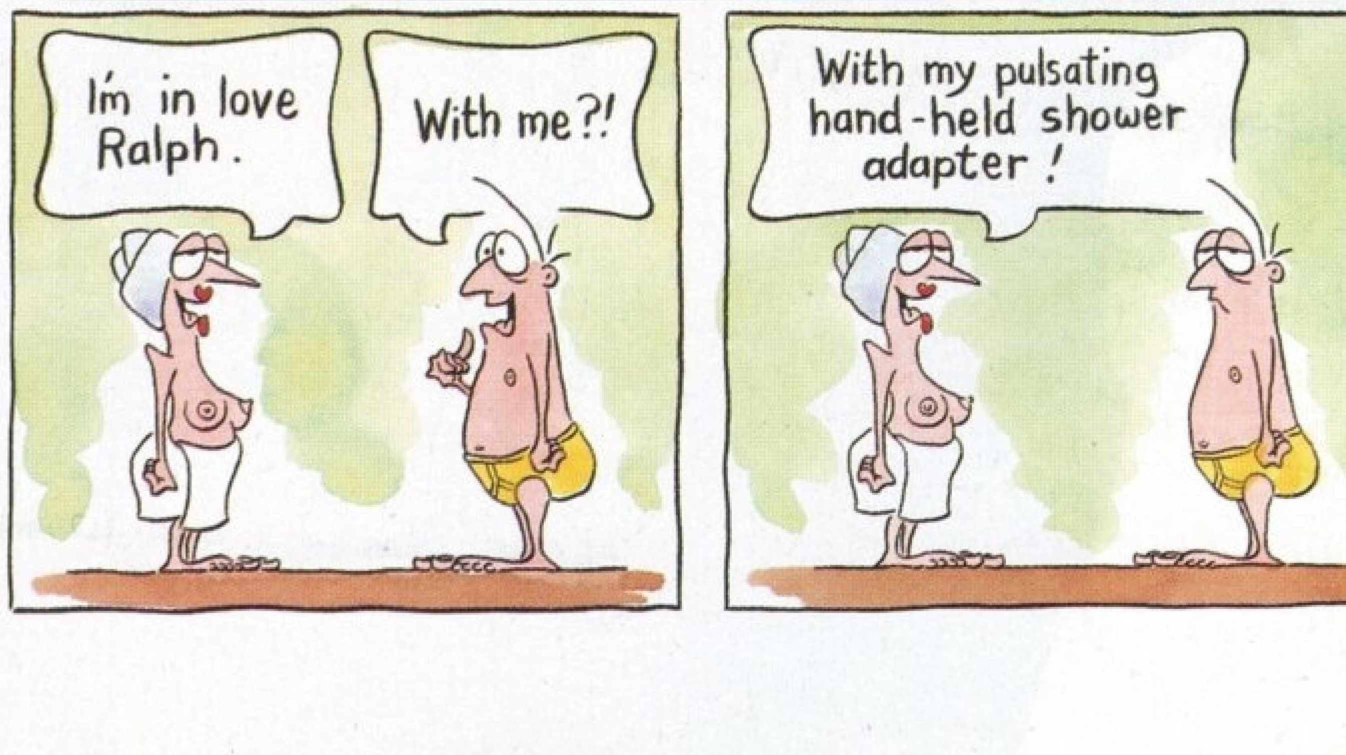
All this rough pounding left me dying to come. I could feel the hot spunk building up and, with one last desperate thrust, I came. Penny shivered and came once more as my spunk filled h up, then gushed out of her fanny. When I pulled out continued to spurt, like a fountain, all over her tits. I'd never produced so much spunk before but then I'd never been fucked by a true p like Penny before either. She scraped my come off h tits with he finger nails and licked them with wicked loo on her face

It was sta ing to get light now, bu we were still wide awa and ready for more fu I explored some more of her territory and sh saw plenty of my local area. We fucked in loads of different positions until we were too knackered to fuck any more and collapsed, totally exhausted, in a heap on the bed.

After that memorable night I managed to get Penny a job at the marketing firm where I'm a junior executive. She wor under me, of course, but that's the way we like it! – Crispin, Camarthen.



between the sheets


I'm in love Ralph.
With me?!
With my pulsating hand-held shower adapter!

WARNING: We would like to warn all potential customers that this advert does not feature normal hard sex hetro videos. It features much more extreme and way out sex featuring unusual models — the younger female, pregnant women, older women and even our famous film [redacted] Love Farm! The state of some of the models and acts they perform may shock you. Be warned . . . *Do not purchase is you are shocked or easily offended.*

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AGAIN we can't go into much detail in this magazine, but we all know what we're talking about here. We have sold this very specialist film for £200 in Soho and Amsterdam. Do not buy this video unless you know just what to expect from the ultimate adult, games of doctors and nurses. **This video was intended to shock — and it does! It won't be around for long — buy it today!**

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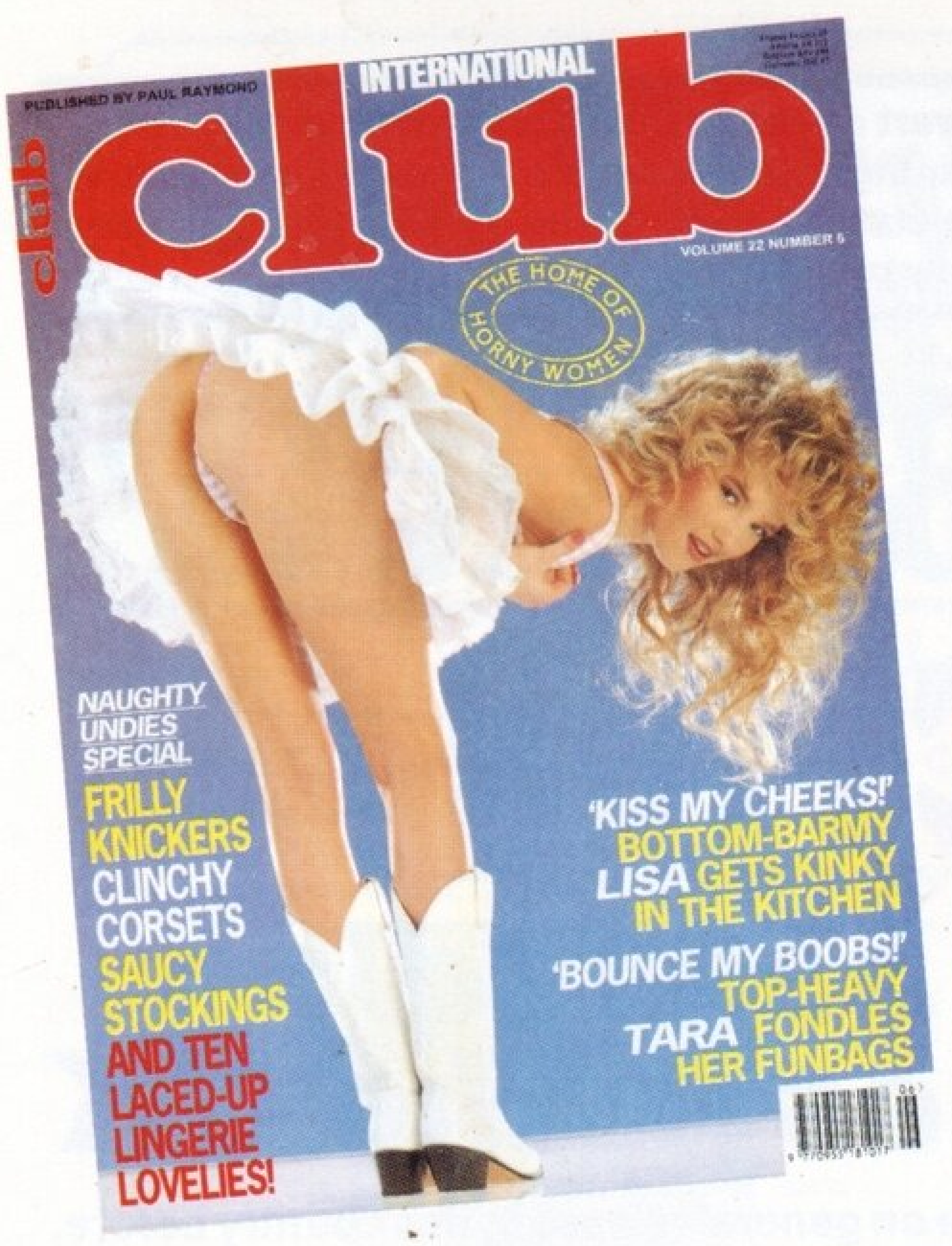
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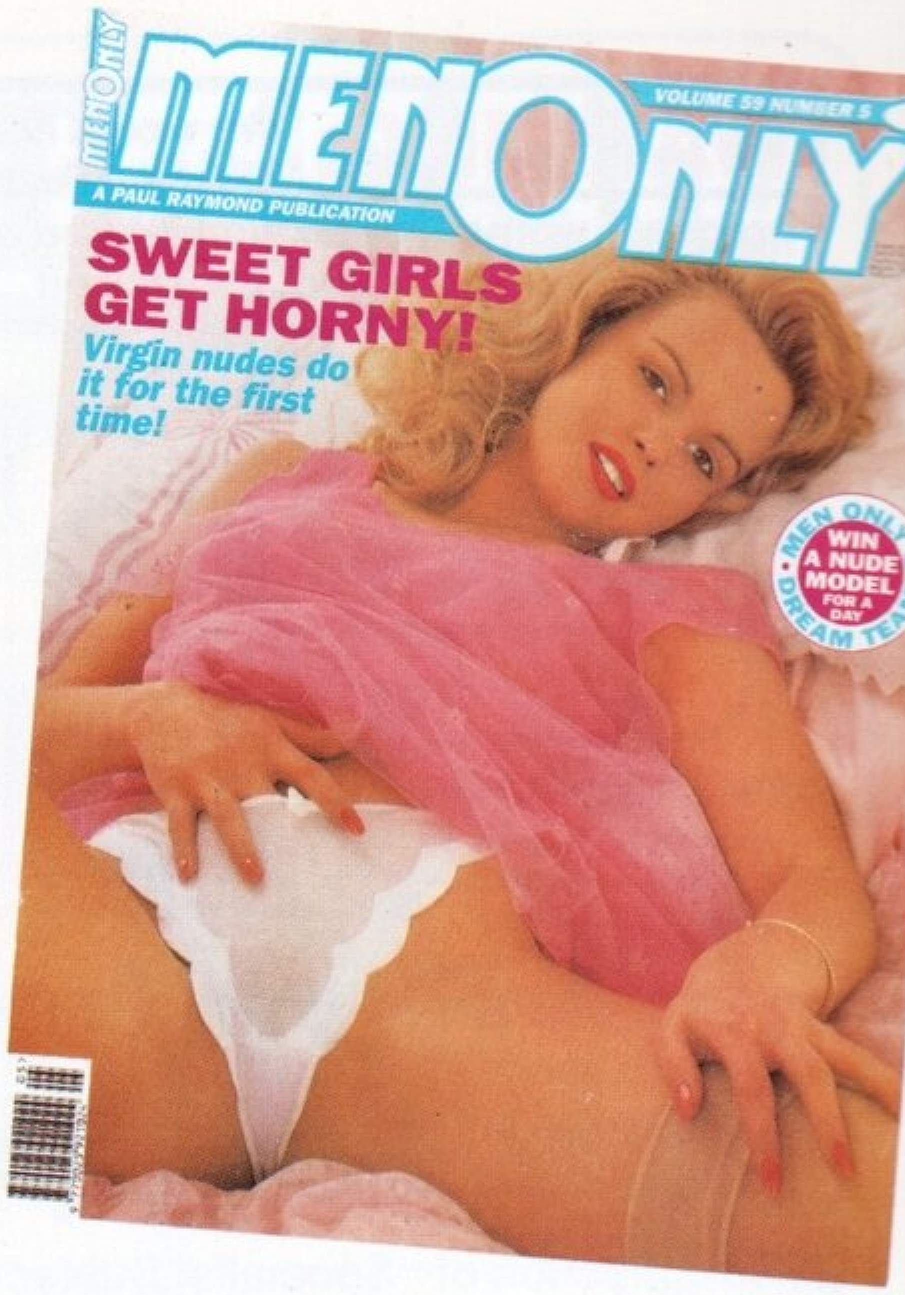
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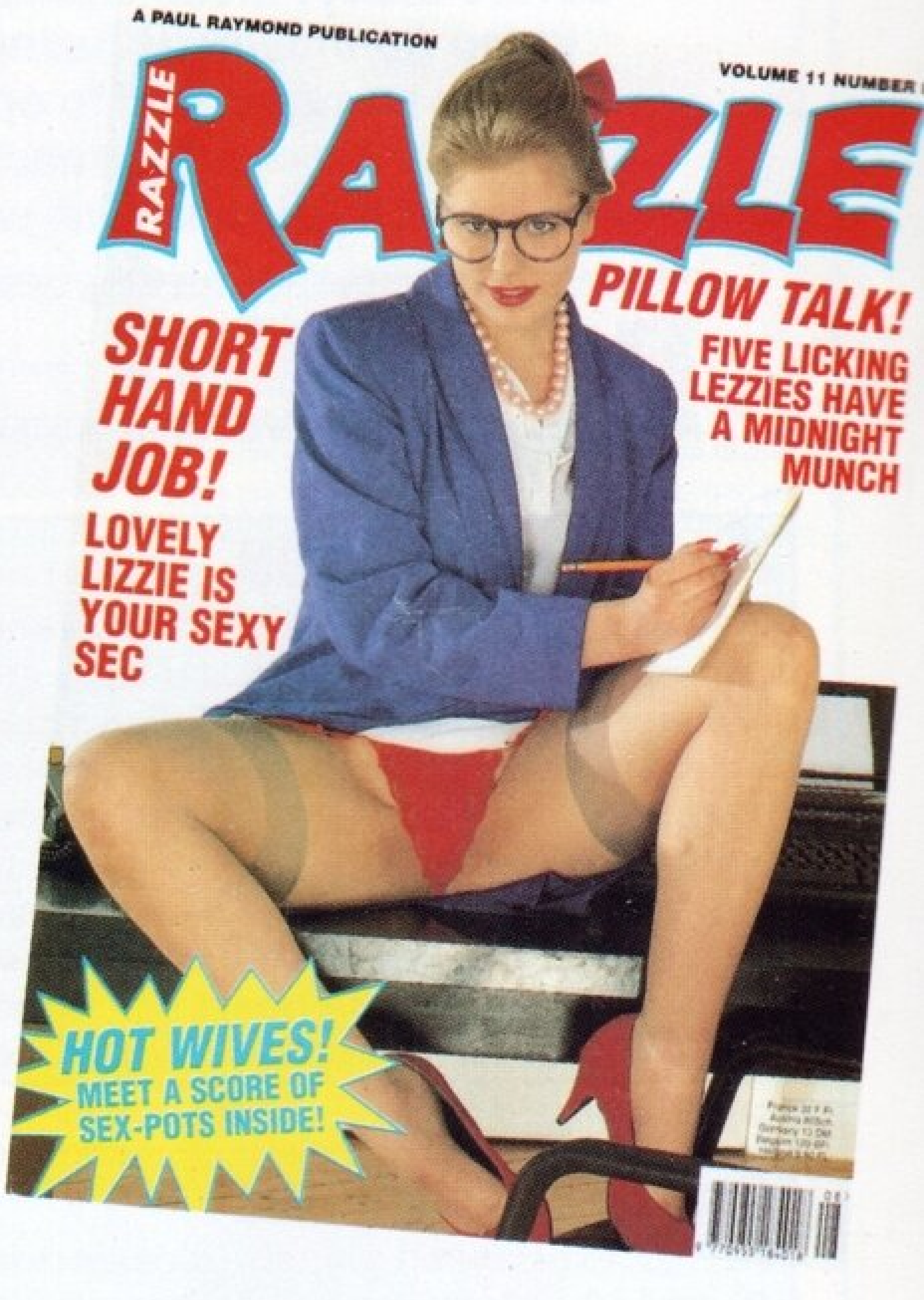
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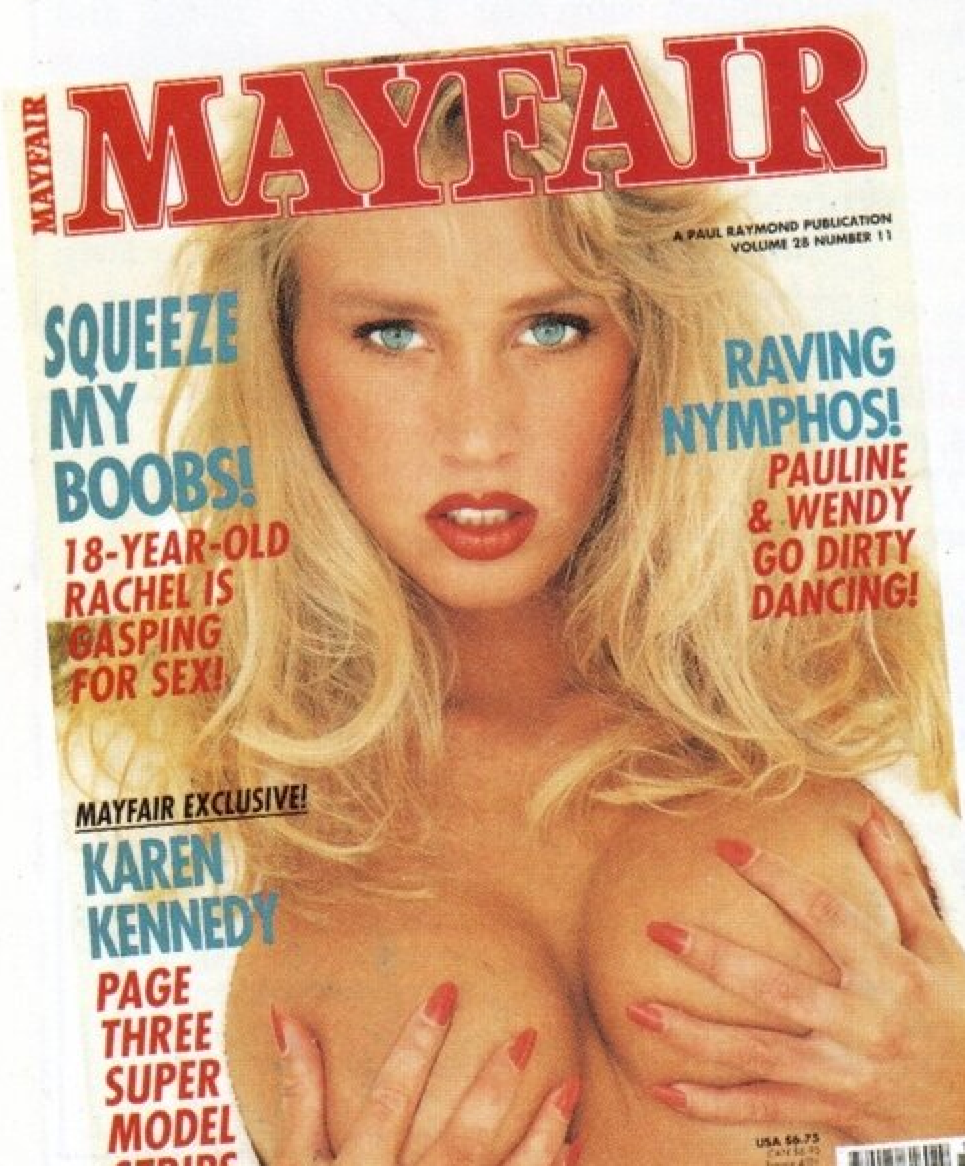
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